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the line



U of M
versus
NAVY

Hi Heironimus



*Honorable
Mention*

Above
MISS ANNE ELIZABETH SMALTZ
Kappa Kappa Gamma

Right
MISS ANNA MAY QUIRK
Alpha Omicron Pi





Mary Stallings

"MISS UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND"

In his selection of the most attractive girl on the campus through the contest sponsored by the OLD LINE, the Maryland student proves he is a true connoisseur of beauty. The worthy recipient of this honor is the attractive, vivacious, entertaining Mary Stallings.

Miss Stallings is a sophomore in the college of Arts and Sciences, Alpha Omicron Pi, member of the Footlight Club, M. C. A. Cabinet, and the Freshman's Woman Honor Society.

She has had many rather thrilling experiences, the most thrilling of which is probably her kidnapping case. Her Mother, often an agent for the government in Narcotic cases, has come into contact with all sorts of people, and possibly from some of these came an anonymous threat on Mary's life. The alternative was an immense ransom. The messages were quite illiterate, crude writing, misspelling, and the entire Stallings family was thrown into a panic. A special policeman was detailed to watch over Mary and he stayed within call for over a week. She could have no dates and could not even step outside the house until the law had decided all danger past. Save the excitement, nothing ever happened.

Another time she received a sum of money from an anonymous benefactor. He said that he had known her Mother, hoped Mary would be like her, and wanted Mary to buy some trinket with the money.

The Stallings are ardent supporters of William Upshaw, Prohibitionist Candidate for the Presidency, and intimate friend of the family. Whenever he visits the Capital, he always spends a night with the Stallings.

Although Mary would like to study law when she finishes her course here, she hasn't definitely decided the direction of her career. She is fond of Musical Comedies, Waffles with syrup, and would like to write a column for the OLD LINE.

The Old Line

VOL. 3 NOVEMBER 12, 1932 No. 1

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THE OLD LINE

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THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

OH LORD —
YOU MADE THE
KNIGHT TOO
LONG!!



Patient (calling family doctor): "Doctor, my son has scarlet fever and the worst part is he admits catching it from the house maid."

Doctor: "Well, young children will do thoughtless things."

Patient: "But you don't understand. To make it plain, I kissed the girl myself."

Doctor: "That is too bad."

Patient: "And to make bad matters worse, I have kissed my wife every morning."

Doctor: "Ye gods, we'll all have it."

—"Yellow Jacket."



'36: "Doesn't that stiff collar bother your neck?"

'33: "Naw, she's used to it."

—Voo Doo.



"You know, Henrietta, every time I see you my heart beats faster. I feel the urge to do bigger and better things. I feel so strong and virile. Do you know what that means?"

"Sure. It means in about five minutes you and I are going to have a wrestling match."

—Ohio State Sundial.



She is attractive—figuratively speaking.

—Voo Doo.

Pat and Mike lived on the same block, commuted on the same trolley and shared confidences. Mike was a bachelor and Pat was married. Once Mike said to Pat that he had been familiar with every girl on the block but one.

Pat, that evening, told his wife that their nextdoor neighbor said that he had flirted with every girl on their block but one. His wife remained silent for a minute as though wondering—Then unwittingly she said: "I wonder who she is?"

If all the cribs and ponies used here during one final were placed in a pile in the middle of the desert lot of people would flunk out.

—Sun Dial.



Some people's idea of a great country is a land overflowing with milk-maids and honeys.

—Alabama Rammer Jammer.



"Hey, what's the idea of wearing my raincoat?"

"Well, you wouldn't want me to get your suit wet, would you?"

—Cornell Widow.



All Freshmen girls who did not receive bids apply at the A.O.Pi shanty. Cheapest High Prices on the hill.

Sig Alpha: "Who invented work, anyway?"

Sig Chi: "You should worry; you'll never infringe on his patent."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

Theta Chi has a leftover supply of bids which they are offering for sale. Usual pledge fees charged.

All Freshmen who have not received bids apply at the K. A. house. Cut rates.



"That's all right, the suit was too big anyway."



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"Sailing, Sailing, over the Bounding Main"

IN OVER eighty countries . . . no matter where you may go, by land or by sea or by air . . . you can always buy Chesterfields.

Their reputation for Mildness and Better Taste is international. Just ask for the cigarette that *satisfies*.

The cigarette that's Milder
The cigarette that TASTES BETTER





The New Line

Ex-Editor of THE OLD LINE.

Dear Mac:

Well, here it is. Number one, volume three. And now that it's out, there's nothing to do but await the consequences. We will stand in the corridor behind a big black beard and watch the expressions of the first three who take the beportraited magazine from the mailboxes. We shall see their visable reaction as they glance through the pages and watch so closely whether they smile, even a little smile, or throw the magazine to the floor in a black mood of disgust and stride purposefully into the morning. If they do the latter we will know the purpose of their stride and stride quickly the other way. We shall hide in the Fraternity house attic, live on cheese and atmosphere, until the lynching party has long been disbanded and the whole affair has been forgotten in the excitement of a victorious basketball season.

Of course, if anyone smiles . . .



. . . FRATERNITIES

We don't mean to allow this fraternity question (ROTC Watt against Interfrat Penn) to rest until we have settled one matter that neither of the combatants seem to have considered. It has to do with the phenomenal growth of fraternities soon, we thought, all possible combinations of Greek letters will have been used and no more can be formed. Knowing there must be a formula, we went to see our good friend, Mathematician Spann. This is it: $P=N(N-1)(N-2) \dots$ where N is the total number of letters using three at a time. Thus when the 12,144th is reached all possible combinations will have been used. There are in excess of 5500 na-

tionals and locals now. The fellows in the 12,145th will have to do some original thinking unless they want a plagiarism suit on their hands. All this ought to be important somehow.



. . . MAIN STREET

Washington has its "F" street; Baltimore, its Lexington; New York, its Broadway; and the University of Maryland, its Library Basement Corridor. Around and around the world, through all cities and capitals of every nation, extends this universal Main street. And perhaps sixty yards of this glittering highway is on our own campus. In analogy with that corner in Paris where at least all the world passes once is the corner of Mailbox Row. At any rate, if you wished to see anybody and are big and solid enough to withstand the buffeting of the milling mob, you will certainly see him . . . or her.



Even though you aren't looking for someone it is interesting just to stand and watch the crowds go by. After ten minutes your brain is not receiving separate impressions but a kaleidoscopic jumble of brilliant colors and white blotches of faces and your ears receive nothing save a merry meaningless babble of sounds.

Tiring of this, you may walk up and down watching the people watching the people walking up and down.



There is more water used for oceans than for anything else.



. . . ART GALLERY

It's great to be an editor, even if only an acting editor. It is, to be sure, a lot of work and the teachers will not give credit for a magazine instead of six back Math assignments, but still the job has its compensations. For instance, some of the drawings are most interesting. Of course, we couldn't print the ones we wanted to most, and we were at a loss what to do with them. It seemed such a

shame for them not to be available for the edification of the campus. They should not be lost thus, to waste their aroma on the desert air of the bottom drawer unappreciated, until the janitor cleans things out at the end of school. Indeed, no. They were worthy of a future, we were sure, and we cast about for a method for them to be presented to the public. Then we thought of a private art gallery. All the censored drawings are mounted and now may be seen in the OLD LINE Art Gallery. Great Stuff for culture. Drop around some time.



. . . Das Spiel

The New Yorker tells of a most delightful game that we are sure will make a great and immediate with the stein loving fraternities here and abouts. The news is welcome. The game, Das Spiel, was invented, we are given to understand, by some Swedish students at the University of Berlin. It takes three to play it. During the first part of the game, the players merely sit around, chatting and drinking. Then one of the three goes out of the room, and the game is for the other two to guess which one it was that went out.



"Hope we get a bid to this place, Benny."

(We think you will enjoy this excellent story)

LOVELY Rose Cayley, only child of old Thomas Cayley, refuted all traditions and her father's pride in their name and family as among the finest in Virginia, when she married a groom in her father's stables; his name was Michael Yeats. I remember hearing as a boy about the young Irish immigrant newly come to America; I remember hearing about his tumbled black haired handsomeness, wild dark eyes, and how the husky caress of his voice, the heart-breaking sadness of his face had aroused a fire in golden-haired, fragile Rose, in answer to the love the young groom who tended her horses bore her.

They were married in Warrenton on a wild spring night, and old Thomas Cayley accepted Michael Yeats, erstwhile groom, as the father of his grandchildren.

The four daughters of Rose and Michael, Autumn, Hildegard, Daphne and Jocelyn, paid in bitter sorrow for being children of their parents. The lives of Rose and Michael, too, were ultimately desperately unhappy. Yeats left his lovely young wife in her old home with his four daughters and a broken heart, when Jocelyn, the youngest was a year old. He was drowned off the Atlantic Coast somewhere near Cape Henry. Rose Cayley—Rose Yeats—died a little later, very quietly, leaving at Cayley Hall with her father, the four daughters of Michael Yeats, Jocelyn five, Daphne six, Hildegard eight and Autumn ten. I played with the girls as children so I knew them well. It was queer that there should have been so much of tragedy and beauty in the one family.

I loved Autumn, the eldest. When she was sixteen I went to study in a German University for four years.

I shall never forget the first night I was back in Washington; the first time I had seen Autumn in four years. Alice Wright was entertaining at dinner. It was October, I remem-

Seasons Pass

ber, and I remarked as I entered the Wrights' house on Massachusetts Avenue how still and sad the night was; no moon. An occasional breeze blew whispering leaves down the walks and up against the trees.

Autumn sat across from me at dinner. I shall always see Autumn as she looked that night, shall always remember Autumn that way. Soft heavy velvet in deep purple wrapped her from just below her white shoulders down to the ground in warm passionate color. Only Autumn would have worn long, latticed

earrings of hand-carved white jade. I watched her during the long dinner. Her companion, an attache of the Peruvian embassy, seemed to find her fascinating with her golden-brown hair, white face, her deep violet gown. He talked to her incessantly, vigorously; but Autumn only nodded, spoke now and then in that low, husky voice, or smiled slowly . . . now and then.

It was after dinner that I talked with her. Mrs. Wright took the infatuated young Peruvian away, and left me with Autumn. She was toying with her fa-

vor, a cluster of flowers, as we came into Alice Wright's library for coffee; a cluster of small, blood-red roses and fragrant white freesias; she played with them again after we drank our coffee from Alice's century-old cups, fragile and transparent.

"You have changed a great deal in the four years I have been away, Autumn," I told her. She watched the fire, quietly, saying nothing. She might have been remembering then, the wide-eyed child of sixteen, quiet, pale, thin, and not too pretty, whom I had kissed goodbye on





university. "I hope you will be happy," she said tonelessly.

"Thank you," I replied. Then, as she took a cigarette from the silver box on the table, "Autumn, don't smoke."

She smiled, looking at me calmly. "I like to smoke."

The moments that followed were strangely unreal then, bitterly sweet now, in memory. The fire was warm, people droned in other corners of the room; I had Autumn alone in our corner, and I was content, I was trying to understand her, this new Autumn, in her purple gown, the fire gleaming on her gold-brown hair, the white shoulders, and her warm, lovely mouth. Her hands, long and white and lovely, played with her red flowers.

"I love you, Autumn," I said to her at last, quietly. Only her lotus flower earrings trembled as she bent her head and picked a rose to pieces, letting the blood-red petals fall on her purple gown, with deadly calm, until the bud was only a blob of shaken red things against the quiet violet. She crushed a freesia between her fingers until its heavy fragrance almost cried aloud.

"No," she said. "No." Her lips trembled then, I am sure her lips trembled. She stood up suddenly, and turned to face Alice Wright and a tall, dark man whom I had noted at dinner, but whom I had not met. As Autumn rose, a mass of red petals and a mangled freesia slithered down the folds of the purple gown to the stone hearth. The baron her hus-

band ground them on the stone as he stepped forward to take my hand. The baron her husband . . .

My sister insists that she wrote me of Autumn's sudden marriage to a Norwegian baron, but the letter must have been lost. Foreign mails can be uncertain. I never knew of Autumn's marriage until that moment on the hearth when she presented the tall, dark man to me.

Remembering Autumn still hurts; Autumn, the slow and silent, of the firelit hair, warm mouth and white hands. God grant she is happier now in the Norwegian's great graystone castle, where either her slow-burning fire has warmed the snow, or else the cold has deadened her fire . . . God grant she is happier now than she looked that evening long ago, that Autumn of violet and white jade, who sat with me before the fire and tore a rose apart with white restless fingers.

Hildegard was the second sister, two years younger than Autumn. I remember when, as a slim, tall dark-haired girl of twenty, she married Willis Dent, much older than she. People said it was because of his money. I never thought so. I knew Hildegard rather well. She was cold even then, for all her youth. Being clever, she probably realized that she would not be easily stirred, and being afraid of life, figured that the not unpleasant companionship of Willis and the interesting life he offered her in Washington would help her to stay clear

Lois Belfield

her birthday night, four years ago, the night I sailed for Germany. I had known that I loved Autumn since that night. I had never told her; we did not correspond while I was in Germany; I had little to offer her then.

"You are very beautiful, Autumn," I said in a low voice. She stared at me a moment, then turned her eyes away, asking slowly, "What are you planning to do now, Philip?"

I told her of my connection with the

"... the married life of my parents was hell, because Mother was a fool, that spring night in Warrenton."





*Daphne dying, be-
longed eternally to
the Spring.*

of such a thing as had shadowed her childhood; such a thing as had begun between her mother and father as a love match. Hildegarde talked to me about it once.

"Grandfather was frantic, but accepted my father. The childhood of all four of us, and, after the first year, the married life of my parents, was hell, because my mother was a fool that spring night in Warrenton." There was no anger in Hildegarde's voice; there was seldom deep feeling anywhere about Hildegarde.

So Hildegarde Yeats married Willis Dent. Last winter they returned to Washington after living in London for ten years.

She served coffee on Wednesday afternoons in her gorgeous apartment overlooking Rock Creek Park.

I dropped in one afternoon. Poor Hildegarde! At forty, her hair was completely white, her eyes were tired, her lips more set than ever. I sat across the coffee table from her when all of her guests but me had gone, and watched her as she sat in a high-backed old chair. The late afternoon sunlight, pale and chill, streamed through the French windows down over the still, white-haired woman in white crepe, catching light from the diamonds in her ears and on her white hands.

"How is Willis?" I asked. "Willis has not been at all well the past five years," she said (I already knew it), "and the friendship with which we began our life together has been strained too greatly. Willis is a hard man to live with," listlessly, "but then, I chose to marry him. And yet Phillip," raising her steel-blue eyes, weary and cold, to me, "this year has been hard. I discovered that I have learned to love Arthur Rodman, this year."

"Who, Hildegarde?" I asked her, not understanding.

"Arthur Rodman, an Englishman," she said, simply.

There was a sudden silence; I could only stare. Then, "What are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said calmly. "There is nothing to do. Arthur is free, I am not. We parted in England. There is nothing to be done."

Hildegarde rose, and I knew I must go. Suddenly I wanted to go. The spell of Hildegarde's coldness was creeping over me. I took her hand; it was chill. A cold woman, I thought, as she stood there as if carved from white stone, beautiful white stone, cold white stone. The cold, palely lit crystal of her windows is no less warm than Hildegarde of the silver-white hair, white gown, glittering diamonds, thin lips, cold

blue eyes, Hildegarde who told me good-bye in much the same way as she must have bade farewell to her lover, with an icy acceptance of fate in her manner, weariness in her eyes, and tears of cold rain in her voice.

Daphne Yeats was the third of the four sisters. Autumn, the eldest, had been married to the Norwegian for six months when I returned from Germany twenty-four years ago. In the winter, two years later, Hildegarde married Willis Dent. The following spring, I spent the Easter holidays with poor old Thomas Cayley, who was living at Cayley Hall with his two remaining granddaughters.

I pitied him that spring of my visit. Like Neihardt's Old Earth, his

"... springs

Were only garrulous rememberings
That made them sadder than the fall."

Daphne was nineteen that April. Lovely Daphne, waiting behind the walls of her Virginia garden, waiting for spring. She was little, and young; her black hair, soft and filmy, was like black smoke, or a spring night; her gray eyes, shining as though they veiled sunlight, like fog on a spring morning.

"Daphne looks like her father," Cayley remarked. "Yeats was handsome, and Daphne is the only one of his four daughters to have his kind of beauty."

It was a wild, sad beauty, that of Daphne Yeats and her father Michael; it was shining and young . . . the kind of beauty that never lives to be old.

I talked with her early on an April morning. It was just after breakfast; we were to ride together, and stopped in the garden on our way to the stables.

"This is a beautiful garden," I said idly. "I should think you'd hate the idea of leaving it."

Daphne, leaning out over the lily pond, scratching with a long, thin weed the back of a big green frog that blinked golden eyes in the sunlight, raised her head and eyed me in surprise.

"Leave? Leave Cayley Hall? What do you mean, Phil?"

I laughed. "Why, Daphne, you're nineteen. You'll be marrying soon, and leaving, won't you?"

"I, marry!" It was strange to hear

Reverse English

A sparkling story from a brand new writer . . .

Judge Allen

Sally McNeil yawned. For four, weary hours she had denounced and diagrammed sentences. Thank heaven! This was the last one. "I love you truly, truly, dear," . . . What the —! Was she seeing things? She picked up the assignment sheet and squinted at it from another angle. "I love you truly, truly, dear" . . . that certainly *was* the last sentence. Something was wrong—radically wrong. No sane English professor ever gave such a sentence for diagramming on a list that was the last assignment to be made up in order to avoid a well-deserved "flunk."

She picked up a glass from the table beside her and took a sip,—Brrr! That last gin Bill had given her was certainly lousy. She must tell him to get another bootlegger. "I love you truly, truly, dear"—that wasn't a sentence; that was a song. She must be getting blotto. What had that darn prof. said when he gave her that sheet? "When you have completed this assignment, Sally, you will understand why I am going to pass you. Bring it to me at three tomorrow and I'll give you your credit and try to explain."

Sally rose slowly from her chair, crossed the room to her dressing table, and lit a cigarette. Sitting down in front of her mirror, she leaned forward, resting on her elbows, and looked earnestly at the rather serious-eyed girl who faced her through the haze of smoke. "Believe you me, 'booful', there's something funny here," she told her double. "We're in a messy muddle. It's all goofy and it just doesn't make sense." She frowned thoughtfully. "'I love you truly, truly, dear.' That's no Advanced English sentence, and you know it; that's a plain, declarative ." The girl in the mirror began to smile, an impish grin; her eyes began to dance. Sudden-

ly she let out a whoop of glee. "Sally McNeil, you annointed little idiot, don't you get it?"

What time was it? Not quite two—kinda late, but she felt an awful urge to tell her darlin' Bill. Dear old Bill Scott, the varsity quarterback, and her particular weakness. Bill certainly did play heavenly football, but he didn't know a double negative from a split infinitive, and didn't give a dam'. He'd been such a darned good sport when she had told him her dilemma, saying, "Go to it chee-ild, brown the old boy good an' proper. I'll fight shy 'till the party's over."

Sally perched on the foot of the bed and took up the telephone. "Ruskin 2894," she called softly into the instrument. While she waited, she hummed softly "I love you truly, truly, dear" and made a face at the saucy faced girl in the mirror.

"Lo, Bill, are you there, darlin'? This is your Sally. Aren't you thrilled to hear my angelic voice at this hour?"

"You're sleepy?" Oh, Bill, how could you say that when I haven't seen you for ages. Don't you love me any more?"



*I'm his first flame, and do
I look like a blowtorch?*

"You do. Well, then, don't growl. . . listen, Big Boy, here's a half-pint with a wallop. I'm passing that darn English. And do I deserve it—I'm telling you. I've never worked so hard in my life. Not brains, Bill, but *IT*. Clara Bow hasn't a thing on little Sally. And what I've done to my beloved English Prof.—is plenty. I've wept in his best silk hankies. I've persuaded him that he's the answer to this maiden's prayer. I call him Gene, believe it or not, and I'm his 'little Sally.' I kissed him today, when he promised to pass me; and did he mind—Say, let your conscience be your guide. And now, this is the perfect climax. He admits 'I love you truly, truly, dear' ain't that sumpin'? I'll bet you a box of 'Luckies' to a pair of chiffon 8½'s that I'm his first flame, and I look like a blowtorch. But, tomorrow, Bill

What's that!!! Say it again, please. I've got the wrong number . . . this is . . . Professor Eugene Dobbs speaking . . ." The telephone crashed to the table.

"Oh, my Gawd," gasped Sally McNeill as she executed a perfect nose-dive into the boudoir pillows that occupied the center of her bed.

OLD LINE HONORARY FISHING FRATERNITY BETA BETA BETA



RECIPIENTS OF THE CROIX DE BOLOGNEY

1. The Frosh who's painting the sign on the Publication's office roof gave class spirit a rebirth.

2. The Soph whose ingenuity in recasting the sign gave additional impetus to the cause.

3. The man who was called on to remove the classic slogan.

4. The Old Line staff who patriotically flunked for two weeks straight to get the O. L. out on time.

5. Magellan (so named because he likes to explore) I. N. D. mascot, who in spite of being the

house pet for over seven weeks still retains its good nature.

6. Harry Hasslinger, who hasn't done anything this year but make an offer of his transparent raincoat to any girl who would wear it instead of a dress.

7. Minnie Zilch, honorable mention in the Old Line beauty contest.

8. Gilbert Teal, honorable mention in the Old Line beauty contest.

9. Clarrabel, the Cow, honorable mention in the Old Line beauty contest.

BETA BETA BETA; TRI-BATE; ONCE A BATE ALWAYS A BATE

Stop the press!!

Last Minute News Bulletin

This is one of the best we've stumbled across in years:

In a certain English course on the hill, a lad who happens to be a transfer from George Washington, turned in a theme which had been written by his father—a former teacher of English in the Washington High Schools. He had turned in the same paper at G. W., had it read in class, praised highly, and given an A plus. He passed the same identical theme in here and got a C plus—and tons of red ink!

♣ ♣ ♣

Why is it, I wonder, that my childish happiness is ever overshadowed by the scholastic guillotine? . . . I've no doubt that one dean, and at least two department heads could answer that . . . if they happened to be interested . . . the view from the Frothingham-Chesnu-Byrd windows is marvelous at this time of the year . . . but you'll never convince me that the Library step loungers have noticed it . . . at present writing, your College Park correspondent is in great disrepute with Dorothy Vincenti over one of the weekly paragraphics . . . and, inasmuch as I'm writing two weeks prior to publication, I can't yet tell just who'll be Number One man between John McDonald and Donald DeVeaun in that league . . . how well, Anne deB. Beach, do you know Joe Hayden? . . . Winnie Kerstetter is a lady with a past of the most royal purple—here's the dope: Winnie had a man with a heart as big as a whale ("Dutch" McChesney), and he even stayed in high school an extra year so's he could matriculate at Maryland with her . . . and Winnie, the so-and-so, dumped the apple-cart on "Dutch" and went free-lance . . . they say it's Physioc . . . but they say other things, too . . . there's a tie-up, incidentally, between this lad Physioc and a Chalmhi lass from Baltobeer . . . didja know that ye campus is blessed by the presence of 13 Joneses and 14 Smiths? . . . but one of the Joneses is named Omar and that counts for two—so there! . . . which fair-haired gridster has been domestic for months and months, with



WILLIAM CHARLES HENKING NEEDHAM

the better half living in Baltobeer? . . . you'll never get OAPi Simpson to admit that she is really Mrs. Doyle—but I doubt if you'll get her to deny it either. . . . Bob ("My Heart's in the Philip-pines") Maxwell will continue to write the daily letter and wait . . . which high S. G. A. officer can tell you, if he will, the exact date of his approaching nuptials . . . and name me the Kappa Alpha knight whose Washington light-o'-love will very shortly announce her engagement to a G. W. Phi Sig . . . nor does the local lad even suspect the sad state of affairs . . . rumor that Rox (Winchell-wit) Colosimo and Shorty Hanigan have buried the hatchet is quite true—but who buried it in whom is still rather indefinite . . . we recommend, for that tired feeling: a free-for-all session on politics, religion, life, and love, at three a. m. in *The Diamondback* office . . . can

we take it! . . . Frank (Lehigh transfer) Wise to Dr. Hale: "Sir— I did not like the theme subjects which you assigned to us!" . . . Dr. Hale to Frank (Lehigh transfer) Wise: "Sir—I did not intend that you should!" . . . why hasn't Teeboo cracked more often anent this Millie Berry person? . . . she's a verra good egg . . . we've a sneaking suspicion that Dot (Air-Minded) Rombach has scratched us off her Xmas card list . . . we having a sketchy beard and looking less and less like Santa every day . . . and so, being uncommonly fatigued (you after, all are only *bored*) I'll merely mention in passing the well-matched Dyer-Claflin combine . . . "I'll live for love or Dyer" . . . and so to the lino-type, the upper molars clacking noisily in anticipation of a quiz in Military for which we have yet to crack ye weighty tome.

Bootlegger (to man fishing): "Are you lucky?"

Man: "No."

Bootlegger: "Try some of this on your bait."

Man pours something, probably potent, from bottle over worm on hook and lowers it into water. Soon a great splash- ing is heard, and the line is jerked up. The worm had a strangle hold on a catfish and was punching him in the eye with his tail.

—Voo Doo.

• • •

Fond Mother: Willie, you've been a naughty boy. Go to the vibrator and give yourself a good shaking.

Wampus.

• • •

Angry Wife: Very well, now that I have a Frigidaire, see what you can do about a mechanical stenographer.

—Rice Owl.

Boys who have not become frat-
ters don't worry! A.T.O. is will-
ing to help you out. Report there
and get the low-down on their
system of easy dues payment.

"Hey, you can't dance that way."

"This is interpretative dancing."

"Then I'm interpreting it the wrong way."



RAIN OF THE STUARTS

Prof.: "If there are any dumb-bells in the room, please stand up."

A long pause and then a lone fresh- man stands up.

"What—do you consider yourself a dumb-bell?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir, but I hate to see you standing alone."

—VooDoo.

• • •

"I draw the line on kissing,"

She said in accent fine;

But he was a football player

And so he crossed the line.

—Skipper.

• • •

"Be good," said the Easton mater,
"and you will be lonesome."

—Lafayette Lyre.

• • •

Coed (shyly): "Am I the first girl
you ever kissed?"

Freshman: "Now that you mention
it, you do look familiar. Were you at
Steve's dance six years ago?"

—Skipper.



Everyone who failed to receive
bids please apply at the Iota Nu
Delta house and ask for a bid.
Prices are cheap, oh so very
cheap.

"He's Our Chief Executator"





JOHN HELD JUNIORED BY LEONARD LEVINSON

"AM I MY BROTHER'S
KEEPER?" COMPLAINED
AMBROSE BITTERLY

APPRECIATION!

The Colonel had called the regiment together to make an announcement. The men paraded into the field; something in their stride, their cadence, reflected the thought that today was a special day. After the battalion commanders had reported that all were present or accounted for, the Colonel cleared his throat:

"Men," he said, "there is an announcement I want to make. Last night my wife presented me with a son."

The men broke ranks, cheered, threw their hats in the air, and general pandemonium reigned for nearly 5 minutes. When order had been restored, the Colonel, pleased with the enthusiastic reception of his announcement and the congratulations, indicated that he wished to make another announcement:

"Men and officers," he cleared his throat, "I thank you."

—Bored Walk.

♦ ♦ ♦



"You've got me in the palm of your hand!"



Old Maid (phoning from her hotel room): "This room has a chink in the wall."

Hotel Clerk: "Well, what do you want for two-fifty—a couple of gigolos?"

—Rammer-jammer.

♦ ♦ ♦

Model: "But why must I hold this drape so low?"

Designer: "Oh, it's just a matter of form, that's all."

—Lafayette Lyre.

♦

Where is the best place to hold the world's fair, Aeschylus?"

"Just above the waist, Echinadermata."

—Brown Jug.

♦ ♦ ♦



To those boys who like to ride and failed to receive bids the fraters of Lambda Chi Alpha announce that they are willing to talk turkey with them provided they have the necessary shekles with which to pay and pay and pay.

HOW TO MAKE A HIT WITH THE HOUSE MOTHER

Dash into her room while she is having a quiet cigarette on the sly (if you're extraordinarily dumb, maybe you'll merely wonder why smoke seems to be curling up over her head from some mysterious source behind her).

Dance an Irish jig in the room above her while she is trying to sleep.

Tell her that she is certainly attractive looking and awfully intelligent, too—"for a woman of her age."

Get caught smooching in the sun-parlor a half hour after all boys must be out of the house.

Upset her cups of coffee into her lap as you reach for the vinegar.

Make a date with her "gentleman friend"—y' know, the handsome, middle-aged gentleman with the courtly manner.

Eat all of tomorrow's breakfast in a midnight ice-box raid.

Invite her to go beering with you some night.

Wake her up at 3.30 A. M., and tell her, between hiccoughs, that your bed simply won't stand still long enough for you to get into it—it insists on rearing up on its hind legs.

"H'm so you want a job, eh? Do you ever tell lies?"

"No, sir, but I kin learn!"



"Mix Me Up a Cherry Coke, Mike"

Delta Xi extends a cordial invitation to everybody to become a member of their gang. Depressed depression prices.

"A woman is a fool to marry."
"Yes, but what else can a man marry?"



Boys who were overlooked on pledge day are advised to look in at Phi Delta Theta house. Depression rates on fees.



When he met Helen,
Hell ensued.
When he left Helen,
Helen sued.

—BERNARD SCHNEIDER

Sheba: "This lipstick I have on is a novelty."

Solomon: "Well, the novelty will soon wear off."



Mrs. Jensen: "In teaching shorthand and typewriting, we are strong for accuracy."

Alma T.: "How are you on speed?"

Mrs. J.: "Well, of last year's class, six married their employers within six months."



Sid: "My, how fast your heart is beating, it sounds like a drum."

Ruth: "Yeah, that's the call to arms."



"Here, Replace that Divot"



Doris Lanahan,
Prima Donna

Behind the Scenes

Because of the labor of directing her play, grave Alice was unable to produce her usual coed chatter. As a substitute seven other guys have produced a bit of a comment on the forthcoming Brennan Revusical.

"It won't look bad." "But how will it taste"—Gene (Barytone) Kressin is very much concerned about that love scene in "Greek Holiday"—after all you couldn't expect him to raise a temperature over a hot love scene with Harry Dyer. Harry, by the way, boasts he won't make the dirt columns this year since he and the OLD LINE Woman's Editor are like that?—Did she overlook this, Harry? We wonder if Doris (Poppelman) Evans really felt so nonchalant about that mysterious blonde linked with Ray in the *Baltimore Brevities*—was her face red? Doris is the Kappa Delta dance maestro and we must admit that she's right there with the figures—in more than one way—incidentally Doris is turning out a right shapely chorus and in case you're interested look up that sandy-haired chorine—her first name is Loretta—Kitty Wells can wriggle in the approved Cotton Club manner, boys, if you get what I mean—And what three feminine members of the cast spent the other evening telling naughty jokes and missed their cues—Louise Reinohl, leading lady of the Reveille, says that she was to have had a part but was forced to decline because of her high blood pressure—Folks, get Alice to tell you how she received long distance

phone calls from the former editor of THE OLD LINE over which he sang or tried to sing some of his songs . . . about how he and Alice spent a hectic afternoon putting down in readable music his tunes . . . it seems that the shy Scot has a remarkable system of simplified music writing. Middle C is number one and reading from left to right is minus two or plus two and so forth into higher

of range—vocally I mean—it would knock down a stone wall but we wonder if we'll be able to hear him the night of the play—The Rooney-Ehle romance is at the same temperature but Pat was looking worried the other afternoon—KA's Deckman, Small, and Fisher rate medals—The scenery looks great—but we wonder if Joe doesn't have another excuse for attending rehearsals—"his mas-

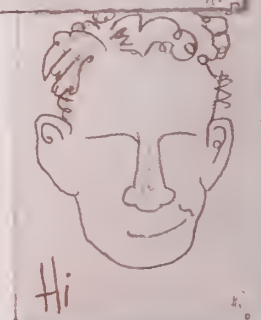
$+5\frac{1}{2} + 6\frac{1}{2} + 7 + 9\frac{1}{2} + 7 + 6\frac{1}{2} + 5\frac{1}{2}$
What can I do with my evenings?
 $8\frac{1}{2} + 9\frac{1}{2} + 10 + 12\frac{1}{2} + 10 +$
What can I do all the
 $10\frac{1}{2} + 8\frac{1}{2}$
Weeks

Rare Original
Manuscript of
a McCallister
Song



Bill McCallister,
former editor of
the Old Line and
songster extraor-
dinary.

Hi-Wild-haired
scenarist.



mathematics. And tis rumored that the canny Scot is writing more music with his slide rule and adding machine—The scenery has been planned by Heironimus, head paint dauber of the Footlight Club—It's interesting to know that Mary Boyd says her affair with Sigma Phi Sigma McIlwee is over—Where was "Mac" the day of the Richmond game—or perhaps love is calling elsewhere—Olga Twice Rhoad Miss Maryland is going native in one of those torrid tropical dances that is plenty you know—Poppy Calahan, late of certain well known New York night clubs and member of Keith Circuit team "Poppy and Peaches" will solo—Gene Kressen has decided that his song does not suit the range of his voice so a new one must be produced—The temperament of these artists—Alice Brennan, authoress of "Greek Holiday," declares she has reserved a room at St. Elizabeth's—she's tearing her hair now—but did you know that Alice gave a rousing cheer for Kappa Delta in the Wardman Park the other night and Dot Rombach entertained with a clever imitation of an owl—perhaps the strain has been too great—We note that Ann Carey has again resumed her romance with Ernie (All-Maryland) Carliss and it looks serious this time—but she'll never learn her lines if this continues—And we cast a unanimous vote for those grass skirts in the tropics chorus—Pat Rooney has plenty

ter's voice!"—Anna Deal Hall has one of those nice blues voices—One would hardly think that Doris Lanahan (Prima Donna) would spend her evenings at the Indian Landing Boat Club with—was it Henry—Bob Kent has a nice voice—Harry Hasslinger and Charlotte Farnham have been united—husband and wife—but, of course, it's only in the play—perhaps though we should have thrown rice ages ago—The best comes last.

—so on with
the show—Lights . . . Music . . . Cur-
tain!

"Greek Holiday"

The 1932
Kappa Delta
Revusical

Right:
Dot Rombach
and
Bob Kent



By
Alice Brennan

Music
Bill McCallister

Dance Director
Doris Evans

Art Director
Clark Heironimus



Another J. Held Levinson

"WHAT, NO SALT!" STORMED AMBROSE HOTLY,
"THIS IS A FINE KETTLE OF FISH!"

Johnny was over visiting the Kappa Kappa Gammas. In fact, he had one of them cornered on the sofa.

"Kiss me, darling," he said.

"There's a house fine of ten dollars on the girl who kisses the fellow within these confines," she said.

"I'll gladly pay the fine, on one condition," he told her.

"What's that?"

"That you let me turn out the lights and take as long as I want to and kiss you as many times as I wish."

"Heaven's eyes, of course."

Three-quarters of an hour later she said to him, "You're kissing beautifully tonight, John."

"Johnny, hell," the guy kissing her stated roughly. "I'm just one of Johnny's fraternity brothers. Johnny's at the door taking tickets."

—Voo Doo.

RULES OF THE OLD LINE STAFF

1. Staff members shall waken the Editor only when absolutely necessary.
2. Staff members shall not come in and ask the Editor for ideas. If the editor has any ideas, he wants to write them up himself.
3. Anyone swatting flies around this office will be given a credick for a lot of work.
4. Dorothy Parker writes swell poems.
5. Anyone panning the magazine is subjected to immediate dismissal from the staff.
6. Thou shalt not commit plagiarism, that is, anyway, not from *College Humor*.
7. If anyone should come in with an original joke, break the news gently.
8. Anyone doing the Editor's homework will be given a lot of credick too, especially English Homework.
9. If polar bears were black they would show up against the white snow a lot better.
10. The Editors are the only ones who do any work anyway.

★ ★ ★

Most organizations have a President and Vice-President. In some local newspapers they save expenses. The Editor and Vice-Editor are combined in one man.

All those who didn't receive bids apply at the TEP house. Special prices to freshmen and, also, to upperclassmen. Pancakes Sunday.



*Pardon my poise
—I'm keeping cool
with OLD GOLD*



When you're in a Hot Spot —light a cool OLD GOLD

Finer tobacco, that's the answer.
Queen-leaf tobacco from the heart of
the stalk. The choicest and coolest
burning of all Turkish and domestic.

Get this, folks:
OLD GOLDS are FULL-WEIGHT

not a cough in a carload





Street Cleaner: "This will be a swell joke on me buddies!"

If you didn't receive a bid and for some vague reason want one try the Phi Alpha Bunch. Bargains in bunking arrangements.

HOW TO SECURE THE FAVORS OF THE DIAMONDBACK EDITOR

1. Always turn in copy a day late. It makes the editor more appreciative of your work.
2. Never get more than the story you are sent for. You will be following orders then.
3. If the night editor calls to inquire about your story tell him you're sick in bed.
4. Make a habit of lounging on the divan in the *Diamondback* office. The editor then thinks you are interested in your work.
5. Finally when you are promoted tell the editor you didn't work very hard but you really did deserve the appointment.



Jim: "My love affair is all over."
 Joe: "Not really?"
 Jim: "Yeh, all over the campus."

Drive up in your wreck, cutting across lawn, if possible, and park directly in front of door. If it is a snooty house, it is best to have signs and figures painted in clear yellow in a typical collegiate manner. Then proceed to blow horn. Blow horn until battery runs down or someone comes to the door.

If someone comes to the door and it isn't the maid, act as though it were the maid. If no one comes, open the door and bang it and holler in a loud, confident voice the pet name of the girl, such as, "Skunk Eyes" or "Horse Teeth."

If the House Mother comes and tries to fix you with a stern and wilting look, ask her if she is the laundress or cook. This is great for getting acquainted. Then sit down and scrape the mud from

the soles of your shoes onto the new Wilton carpet.

If there are girls talking together, disrupt their conversation with caustic remarks about cats and hens. These actions soon make them feel toward you as a brother. Great intimate feeling.

When the girl comes down kid her about old times, not forgetting to mention intimate and embarrassing episodes.

Refuse to play cards—

Look bored—

Stay as long after 10.30 as possible, and when the House Mother insists you have to go, keep the girl at the door talking until she turns blue with cold.

Don't forget to race your motor when leaving—

And don't forget not to go back.



They now had neighbors and the wife was much interested in them. In a few days she reported:

"They seem a most devoted couple, John. He kisses her every time he goes out, and even waves kisses to her from the sidewalk. Why don't you do that?"

"Why don't I?" replied John. "Good heavens, I don't even know her yet."

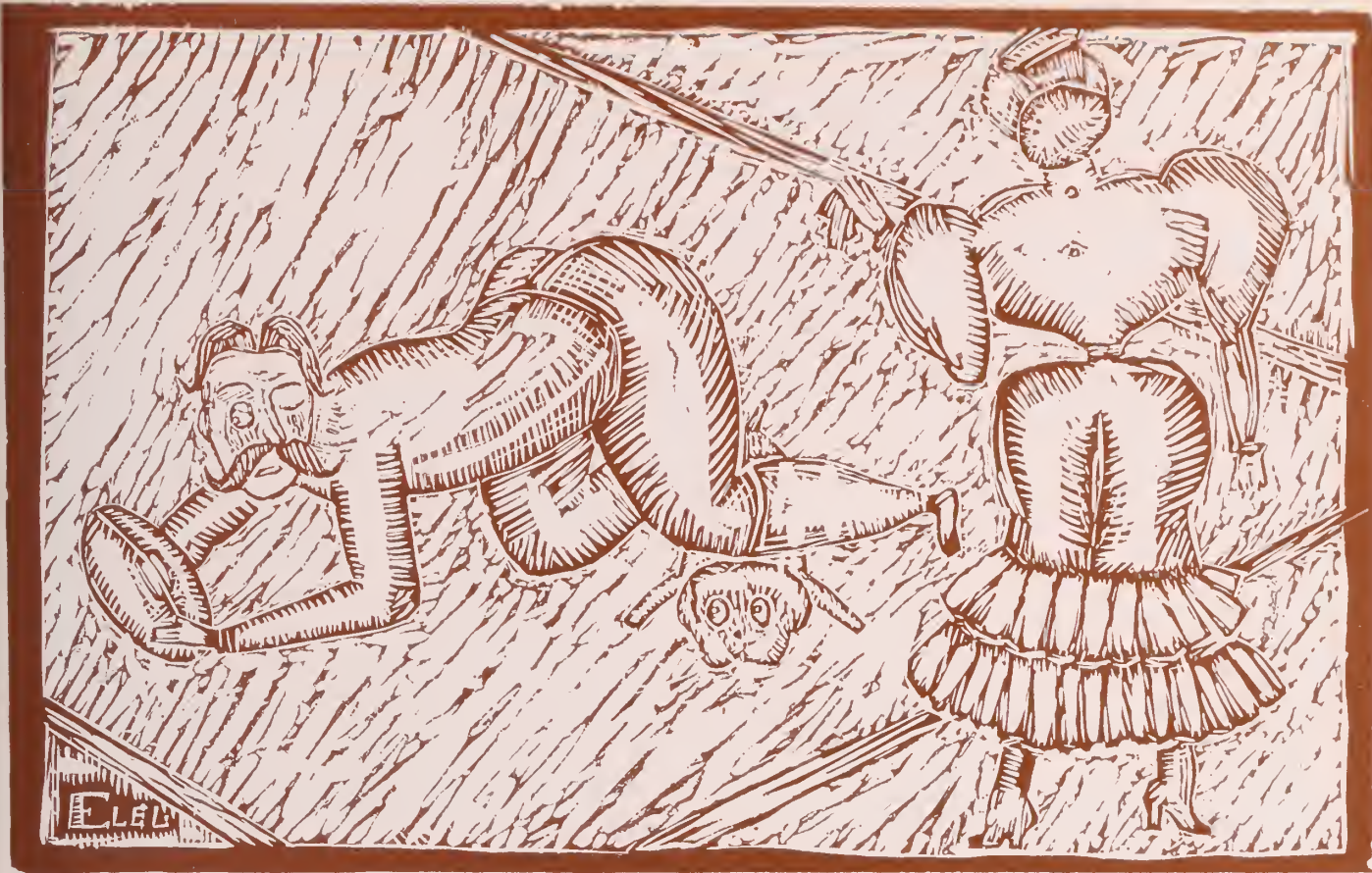
Her dress is like a barbed wire fence: it keeps off trespassers, but does not obstruct the view.

Rabbitts with sorority aspirations might try the K.D. bungalow on the hill. Bridge Playing Ability required.



Courtesy Hopkins Black and Blue Jay

BOOI



"GOODNESS ME," EXCLAIMED AMBROSE,
"I MUST HAVE STEPPED ON A PUDDLE!!"

—BY SCALLAWAG LEVINSON

■ On Saturday, November 12, Curly Byrd's Byrdies mix with Rippy Miller's Midshipmen in a football fiesta in the spacious Baltimore Stadium. Bring your field glasses! The staggering fact that neither team has touchdowned more than any of its worthy opponents will not keep any loyal supporters at home listening to Ted Husing. At this writing, the game looks like what the fighting fraternity would bill as a natural. All real Maryland followers will be on hand to see the third game of the present series.

The Navy's most advertised gridiron galloper is one Chung-hoon, a native of Hawaii. Mr. one, two, or three Chugs learned his football throwing Hawaiian pineapples into American tin cans. The gentleman is an all around player. Naturally there are other play-

ers on the team, in fact they are the ones who will probably furnish the fireworks. Good luck to the sailors from Crabtown.

Not to be outdone, Maryland offers Al Woods, whose blocking, running and tackling ranks with the best. Al (in my imagination) told me that he was going to submerge the sailors a la personee, if you get the situation.

Just a minute, I almost forgot each team has to have a line, if only to get in the way. Seriously, the linemen are those boys who get their pants dirty as well as getting up a sweat. Try watching the line play some time for the fun of it. Remembering the old football saying, "The line gains the ground while the back carries the ball."

There is a social atmosphere to the game, my dear limelight hunters. High

officials will be present. Perhaps the typical Maryland coed will present His Excellency with some black and gold posies. Boys, your girl friend is dying to see those middies march on the field in their uniforms—g-r-r. So take her along, there will be plenty to do in Lord Baltimore's favorite city after the game. Don't forget those card tricks, the tip is that they have a grand slam up their sleeve.

The best one I've seen is when they tear the cards to shreds, then toss the pieces to the wind. Sort of autumn landscape effect.

Hike—the ball comes back—the lines bend—it's leather on leather—they pile up—there is the referee, he throws his hands high up in the air—the ball—the game—this tale—is over.

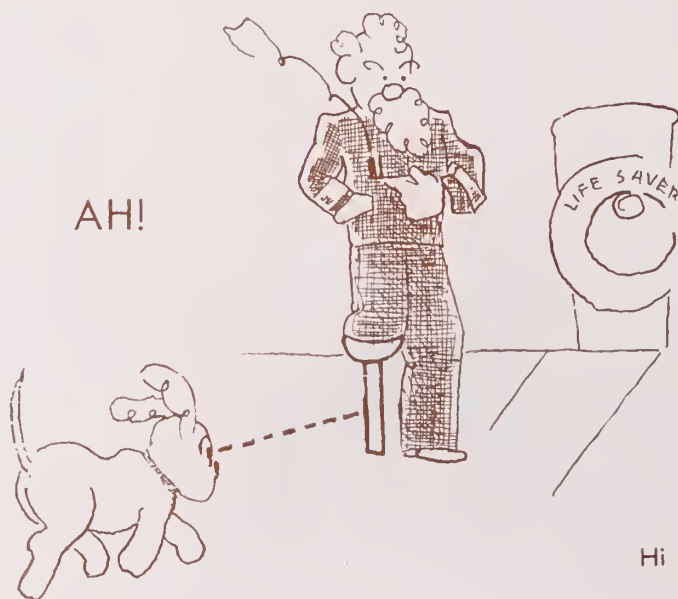


Well, I'll be . . .

. . . Take it walking near some trees, Hiramhurst.



Chiseled by Levinson



Hi



Kappa Kappa Gamma will gladly accept your money today for a bid and date Thursday.

You don't Need to Pay fancy Prices .. *for Correct Stationery*



50% Bigger THE NEW "450 PACKAGE"

You can't buy *any* stationery at *any* price better suited to your informal correspondence than the new "450 Package." It is correct note sheet size, 6"x7". The quality is actually better than found in many boxes of high-priced stationery.

Give American Stationery for Christmas. It's a better gift than ever this year. Make up your list now and have your Christmas shopping done—early, economically and thoughtfully.

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700 PARK AVENUE
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THIS note paper is correct for informal correspondence. We have supplied it for 18 years to many of America's most prominent families. It has been a favorite also among college men and women.

With the introduction of the new "450 Package" the cost of this fine note paper is made lower than ever. It actually costs *less* than cheap stationery.

It's the same style note paper we have sold for 18 years—same printed name and address—same prompt delivery—same price. *But the quantity is now 50% greater!*

Send one dollar (\$1.10 west of Denver and outside of U. S.) and get one of the biggest bargains in fine merchandise offered in America. Your package printed and on its way to you within 3 days of receipt of your order. No agents or dealers. Sold by mail only. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

//

300 Note Sheets . Formerly 200

150 Envelopes . . Formerly 100

450 Pieces . . . Formerly 300

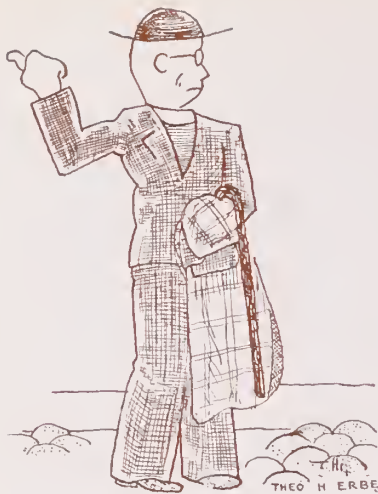
*All Printed with your
Name and Address*

\$1.00
POSTPAID

The American Stationery Co., 700 Park Avenue, Peru, Ind.
Here is \$1 for a box of "450 Stationery," to be printed and mailed as shown below. (\$1.10 west of Denver and outside of U. S.)

Name _____

Address _____



"FOR THE LOVE OF . . ."

A city girl was visiting in the country. She became rather friendly with a young farmer. One evening as they were strolling in the fields they happened across a cow and a calf rubbing noses in the accepted fashion.

"That sight makes me want to do the same," said the farmer.

"Well, go head," said the girl encouragingly, "it's your cow."

—Frvol.

First Girl: "I've been going with Fred for two weeks now and he hasn't kissed me yet."

Second Broad: "Don't worry, look how long it takes a bee to make his honey."

—Purple Parrot.

You are divine.

It's damn nice of you to say that.

—Mugwump.

The baseball game in farmer Jones' pasture broke up in the seventh inning when Joe slid into what he thought was third base.

—Ohio State Sundial.

What two raw materials are imported from France?

Books and plays.

1832: Necessity is the father of invention.

1932: Mother is the necessity of convention.

—Exchange.

All aspiring young farmers are urged, if they did not chisle a bid to a frat, to come to the Alpha Grabba Hoe fraternity. The Farm Relief Board will help in the payment of pledge fees.

In view of the present financial depression the athletic board at Zilch University has announced that this year it will limit the members of its varsity teams to Ford roadsters instead of the Buicks to which they formerly have been accustomed.



Courtesy Black and Blue Jay
"Wonder What Time It Is?"

"Who said you could kiss me?"

"Everybody!"

"That's a good gag for the A. O. Pi's."

"What?"

"To tell on the Kappas."

—Colisimo.

"I'm outa school again."

"Whatin hell have you done now?"

"Graduated."

—Penn Punch Bowl.

Police Sergeant: "What, you back again?"

Drunk: "Uh huh—any mail?"

"Will you vote to abolish capital punishment?"

"No. Capital punishment was good enough for my father and it's good enough for me."

—Red Cat.

If you don't have a pledge pin and think they are cute try the A.U.Chis. Cheap too, as compared with the Russian National Debt.

And besides, who wants an itch in the hall of fame?



RUSH

TOUGH

We are twins and look alike. When we were at school my brother threw an eraser and hit the teacher. She whipped me. She didn't know the difference, but I did. I was to be married, but my brother arrived at the church first and married my girl. She didn't realize it, but I did.

But I got even for all that. I died last week and they buried him.

—Bored Walk.

The auctioneer's son walked into the sumptuous fraternity house and looked about.

"Do I hear any bids?" he murmured.

Commoner: "Let's start a new religion."

George Bernard Shaw: "All right, I'll be God."

—Tusculum Tuscan.

"I don't mind washing dishes for you," wailed the hen-pecked husband. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting, or mopping the floors, but I ain't gonna run no ribbons through my nightgown just to fool the baby."

—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

This is to certify that Sigma Phi Sigma will look with favor on all those chaps who did not receive bids if they will report to their house. Low prices guaranteed.

"Didn't I see you wear a bathing suit at the fancy dress ball last night?"

"Gee, you must have left early."

Those Rats who failed to receive bids report to the Sigma Nu house. Prices cheap.

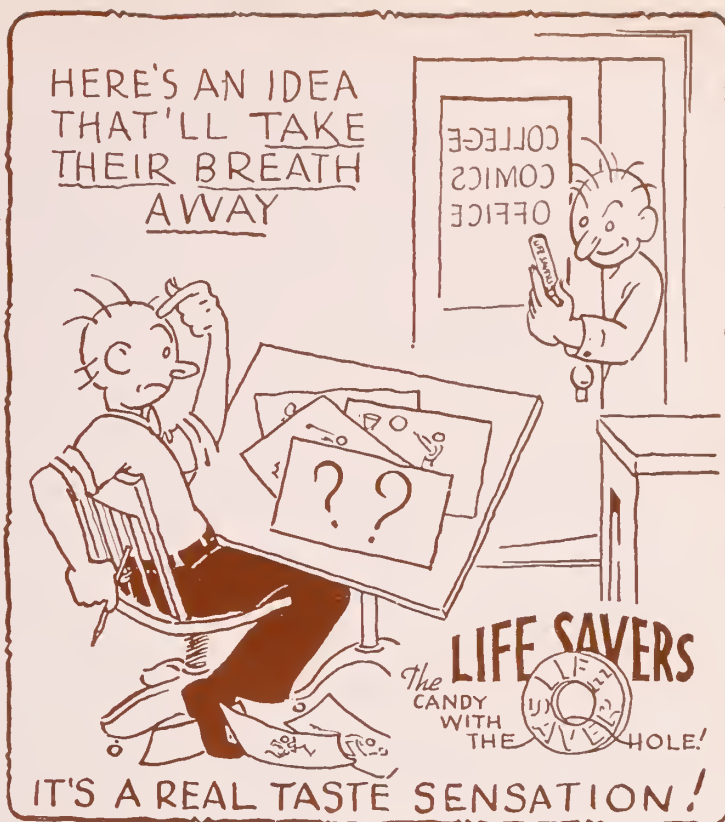


"I was a key man in college, too."

TO MY FRATERNITY PIN

O symbol of frivolity,
Proms, pledges, men of quality
I vow anew my truest troth,
Burnt off'ring of a fickle moth,
Away pride, popularity
On with faith, hope, and charity
To you I pin my whole regard
(That is, if you survive discard!)

—ELIZABETH BINSWANGER



IT'S A REAL TASTE SENSATION!

Mother. "Why didn't you call me when that young man tried to kiss you last night?"

Daughter: "But, Mother, I didn't know you wanted to be kissed."

A reformer is the kind of guy who would have you believe that he gave Eve back her apple.

—Wesleyan Wasp.

Little Oswald (in the presence of the family circle, plus a few additions): "No! I don't want to kiss Miss Jones—she slapped daddy for doing it."

—Washington Dirge.

"What will it cost to have my car fixed?"

"What's the matter with it?"

"I don't know."

"Fifty-two dollars and fifty cents."

—Yale Record.

Frank: "I don't see how you tell those Smith twins apart."

Hank: "That's easy. Mabel always blushes when we meet."

—Tiger.



DAY



The historical year of 1776 saw the birth of both of the United States of America and of Phi Beta Kappa, the first American society bearing a Greek-letter name. Phi Beta Kappa was founded on December 5, 1776, at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia, the second oldest college in America. This organization had all the principles of the present day fraternity with its charm and mystery of secrecy, a grip, motto, a ritual, oaths of fidelity, a badge, and a background of high standards with a strong tie of friendship.

It is evident that the college Greek-letter fraternity should and shall stay on the college campuses. There is a natural tendency for people, especially the young, to organize groups for the pursuit of some common interests. Whether these organizations come under the title "fraternity" should be immaterial in the eyes of the public, for they are merely clubs of advanced rating. "Fraternity" has become simply a common name and a very appropriate one indeed. If a movement should be enforced to abolish fraternities, groups would undoubtedly organize in boarding houses or dormitories, and would not set up the high ideals that fraternal orders have.

The majority of those that argue for the abolishment of fraternities do not realize what task lies before them. Many do not know that today there are sixty-nine national fraternities having from two to one hundred and eight active chapters each. Besides this there is an unlimited number of local organizations. The total membership of the nationals is eight hundred thousand men. The valuation of their property exceeds seventy-three million dollars. Does it seem feasible that these men, who have become in many instances leaders of outstanding prominence throughout the world, should allow fraternities to be broken down by someone who has probably

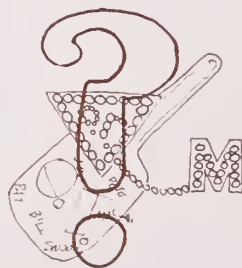
Fraternities are a great idea, —but, as in politics, the practice is far from the ideal. Many fraternity men join in questioning the existing system, although most of them feel that they cannot, with justice to their organizations, do so publicly.

Brotherhood is the basis of fraternalism. And brotherhood implies a determination on the part of each of its members to encourage every other member to develop the associations and carry out the personal judgments which will contribute to the highest achievements of which the individual is capable.

"Rushing Season" is aptly named. Men are literally rushed into fraternities by the pressure of a short rushing period which brings them face to face with pledge day before they have time to form adequate working estimates of the fraternity groups. Pledge day demands a decision not only about which pin to wear and which house to live in—the more apparent material things—, but also a decision about the group of associations of the college years, because fraternity loyalty, all too frequently, seems to limit the circle of the member's close friendships to his own group.

Fraternities frequently become noted for characteristic actions and attitudes—often for a whole group of them. It is conceivable that a group of twenty to thirty or more individuals would naturally have some of the characteristics so noted as a common possession. A dominating part of the group must have determined the course to which the whole group conformed. In such circumstances, some men's actions are determined because they are associated with the others.

The college years are formative years for most men's personalities. Associations do affect personal development for good or ill. Men who by misfortune fail to choose a group whose standards equal or excel their own have small chance of changing their fraternity's standards. The weight of numbers and



YEA AND NAY

never belonged to a fraternity or may have never been in a fraternity house?

The main objectors to fraternities are parents and friends of college students, for the most part persons who have never been to college, or radicals who have never had any connections with such an organization. This is also true of students. It is very unusual to hear a fraternity man condemning such a group, but yet many non-fraternity men do so. It is only logical, then, that the members should know better the returns a man receives from membership.

Fraternities are often condemned falsely by people failing to realize that those habits displayed by fraternity men, as drinking, might be a general delinquency throughout the student body.

The records of fraternity men have shown a higher scholastic average than non-fraternity men. This may be accredited to the competition among fraternities for the highest rating, and also to the influence of the brothers upon a man failing to meet the standards.

In noting those in student activities, we find the leaders being fraternity men. Non-fraternity students are inclined to become disturbed over this fact and feel that undue control is being exercised. Is this true? I should say not. It should be realized that the fraternities encourage their men to get into affairs, and as a result fraternity men work harder. Quite frequently politics play an important part in getting men in offices, but what is wrong with this if the parties choose the men to represent them that have the ability and are worthy of support? A fair example of this was exhibited on our campus last year when no politics existed. The same men were chosen by the student body, as a whole, that were to represent parties. There were only fraternity men that received offices.

From indications of the past, it is quite evident that the fraternity man is doing worthy work and that within the next few years under proper organization and direction, it will do a much greater one. The purpose of every fraternity man should be to exemplify the ideals of the fraternity, and to impress more forcefully upon others in everyday life the benefits derived, by having an outstanding character. It is only possible to receive the respect which it deserved by vitalizing these ideals.



Student (translating passage in German class): "I fell to the ground numbly and clasped her by the knee—" and that's as far as I got, Professor Hatfield."

—Purple Parrot.



The big trouble with putting out a collegiate magazine is that the jokes are not good enough or too good.

the inertia of established custom will prove too strong. *The fraternity will change the man.*

One of the strongest appeals of the fraternity to new men is the sense of "being in"—of the "power of the group". Too frequently groups use that power to get undeserved advantages for their members. There is a serious danger that men come to depend too strongly on the power of the group rather than on personal excellence to gain their positions, and so fail to develop the qualities of personality which would gain them places on merit. The power of the fraternity may help a man for a time after graduation, but in the vast majority of cases personal merit, and it alone, carries a man on to worthwhile achievement.

However, one must not too hastily draw the conclusion that all men should spurn fraternity affiliation. Such a conclusion is as obviously a fallacy as the general statement that fraternity membership is necessary to success in life. It is entirely conceivable that there are men who do far better by joining than by remaining outside.

Moreover, before a satisfactory basis for evaluating the relative merits of group against group, and joining against not joining can be reached, some recognition must be directed to the less apparent side of fraternity life, its effect on the development of human personality.

When men begin to choose their "brothers" on the basis of what they are on the personality side, as well as what they have, and who they are on the campus, then will a natural selection take place which will soon mark apart the worthwhile groups for men to clearly see and doom the inferior to extinction.

Until then, let the individual beware!



"He's been ambitious ever since he's been knee-high."



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EXIDE BATTERIES

BERWYN 268

FOOTBALL'S CONFESSION

(Apologies to Grantland Rice)

I appear with each new season
Tho my victims fill the vaults
I've made countless humans cripples
It's admittedly my fault.
Yet the public still admires me
And I'm called the "King of Sports,"
Which proves there are lots of people
Whose brains are rather short.

O, I wish that I had ten grand
For the sweethearts I've made sad
For the gamblers in the grandstand
Who were betting all they had
As tho the players were but horses
Not men in prime of life
Who on the bloody field of battle
Fought a gory, useless strife.

I know I'm hailed by "sport fans"
Who seek for all the thrills
But do not dare expose themselves
To the weakest wintry chill
Now they cheer their hero
Then put him on the pan
They say "I'm the college spirit
And the maker of a man."

—HERBERT ROSENBAUM

PARABLE OF THE GREEKS

(With apologies to Eugene Field)

The Greek sororities stood in a row
And the freshman didn't know where to go;
'Twas half past ten and (what do you think!)
Not once had the freshman slept a wink!
And Quiet Hour and Silence Day
Appeared to know in their knowing way
There was going to be a dreadful row,
(I wasn't there; I simply say
That was told to me by Silence Day!)

And each sorority talked a while
With all the strength of their chapter guile.
And the air was littered with Z's and X's
And A's and K's mixed with P's;
And Quiet Hour shut one eye
And shuddering, let escape a sigh,
For it always dreaded the Pledge Day file!
(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What Quiet Hour declared is true!)

Now Silence Day looked very blue,
And wondered what on earth to do;
But the fight of those sororities
Just looked as if it would never cease!
Deltas and Omicrons filled the air;
Gammas and Upsilon everywhere—
So mixed that no one would know just who!
(Now don't you doubt a word I say—
I got my news from Silence Day!)

Next morning dawned: the fight was done,
And no one knew just which had won.
And what do you think the freshman sees
But a brand new set of sororities!
But the truth about the Greeks was found;
They'd mixed each others letters 'round!
And another fight will soon have begun.
(Old Quiet Hour—it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

—JANE HOLST



SPORT TERM: PENN INTERCEPTS ONE!

Date?

Yea—

8:30

OK—

I'll

See

You

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HOW TO GET A BID

This advice is particularly vital to those freshmen who wish to join a fraternity. The main thing is to be nonchalant. Be indifferent. Be hard to get. Make an appointment with a fellow to meet you with his father's big Cadillac and don't show up. Do this twice and don't apologize. NEVER APOLOGIZE.

When you enter the house, look all around, then say, "What is this dump, the wood-shed? Let's go around to the house."

When introduced to the president and big mogul, remark to the fellow who introduced you, "Well, there's always a couple of mugs in a fraternity."

At dinner, look around for some blackberry jam and purposely spill the whole bottle all over the newly starched table cloth.

After dinner, twist the radio dials, breaking radio programs with disconcerting rapidity until tossed out on the pavement.

Come around to the OLD LINE office at twelve Sundays and get linimented and bandaged.



Hubby: "I accidentally caught sight of the maid in her pajamas. Dear, she's got almost as good a figure as you have."

Wife: "So the chauffeur says."

— Green Griffin.

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PLATE DINNER
CIGARS—CIGARETTES



AT THE GATE



that harsh laugh from Daphne's scarlet lips. She poked the frog too hard, and he leapt into the water with a splash as Daphne rose, brushing dirt from the knees of her white riding breeches. Like a blundering fool, I queried, "Yes, you'll be marrying some handsome youngster before long, I expect, won't you?"

"No." There was a little fire in her voice even then. She sat on a stone bench and stared at me. "Why should I marry?"

I floundered. "Why most girls do," I said. "Autumn, Hildegarde . . ."

I would have stuffed the names back down my own throat, had it been possible, after I had uttered them.

Daphne stared again, and laughed furiously.

"Autumn! Hildegarde! Autumn loved you." I had not meant to cringe, but Daphne's voice softened momentarily as she looked at me. "Autumn loved you, and nobody will ever know why she married that Norwegian. Do you think she got happiness through marriage? Hildegarde will never be happy in all of *her* life. She's too cold. She married Dent because he offered her things she wanted. Is that what you call happiness in marriage?" She sobbed suddenly. "I shall never be able to race life," she muttered! I started, Cayley had said she was like her father. Was this curse, then, to be utterly broken so young.

She must have known my thoughts. "I am Michael Yeats' daughter," she whispered. "It would be disloyal to him for me to seek happiness." She raised her eyes to me, wild and dark and sad in their beauty.

"I should like to die." As she said this, her scarlet lips twisted into a sad smile, and she wept. It was like spring rain, vainly trying to warm ground that has been scarred too deep by frosts. She wept brokenly there on the bench for a moment, a bitter mockery of spring; then clenching her hands, lifting her black head, she said, gallant as spring, even an unhappy spring, always is, "Forget it, Phillip. I am too bitter. Let's ride."

I cannot say how it happened. Right at her own gate, upon our return, Daphne's horse, galloping wildly, stumbled, and, falling, pinned Daphne beneath him. We carried her into the garden, where an hour before, she had wished

for death. Her grandfather and I bent over her when the doctor stepped aside.

She looked so lovely and young, lying there, in the gold of the spring sunlight. She wasn't dying, I thought—death was not the lovely peace on Daphne's white face. She smiled at me.

"Be good to Jocelyn and Granddaddy," she whispered. She lay there in the spring sunlight, her scarlet mouth smiling, her eyes dark and lovely (no longer smiling, but lit with a sunlight we could not see), her smoky black hair tumbled around her white face, and over her white throat and blood-splashed riding shirt. Daphne smiled all bitterness from her eyes and our hearts, and died,—and dying, belonged eternally to the spring. A breeze whispered in her dark hair, a yellow rose bloomed an inch from her small dead hand, and in the pond, a big green frog sat on a lily pad and blinked golden eyes at the sunlight shining over the rustling garden, and a dead girl who was Michael Yeats' daughter, shining and young in her wild, sad beauty, the kind of beauty that never lives to be old.

The youngest of the Yeatses, Jocelyn, has been my wife for eighteen years. We were married when she was twenty-one, the same June of her graduation from Bryn Mawr.

She is different from the other Yeats girls. Their unhappiness somehow seems remote from Jocelyn. I told her this once, and she smiled at me out of green eyes.

"It is remote from me because I put it far from me deliberately, Phillip," she said.

Jocelyn is beautiful at 39, and even in her beauty she is unlike her sisters.

Her hair is always a surprise to one; one never knows just when it will be red and when brown; it is dark, and thick, and soft. Her eyes are green and wise.

From the very first, she was sure we would be happy. Her grandfather died the spring before commencement and she sold Cayley Hall, remarking that there were too many bitter memories for a Yeats or Cayley to be happy there.

Hildegarde has been in Washington for two years. One wonders how she and Jocelyn can possibly be sisters. Hildegarde is cold and lonely, Jocelyn so warm-natured and happy. We have two children, a boy and a girl. Jocelyn adores them, but Hildegarde is afraid of them.

"Always Hildegarde has been afraid of anything warm and human," Jocelyn said to me just this evening, "afraid of anything so warm and human as love."

I looked at her closely as she said that. She was bending over a bowl of fragrant white roses she had just gathered from the garden. She was beautiful then as always . . . her dark red hair warm and fragrant from the heat of the sun, her eyes wise and green and smiling, were the color of the green gown she wore; it was the cool green of summer trees; her dark red mouth, warm like the wine of summer grapes, smiled at me as her deft brown hands managed the white roses in the dull pottery bowl.

"Jocelyn," I heard myself telling her, "Autumn was afraid to face life, so she married the Norwegian baron. Hildegarde was afraid and married Willis Dent. Daphne was afraid, and died. . ."

She interrupted me. "You have said enough, Phillip. Don't try to analyze life any deeper. It won't do in this case. Had Autumn not been afraid, she'd have waited for you, and have gotten you. Where, then, should I have been . . . now?" She laughed a little as she said that, but her voice trembled.

I took her hand as she put the last white rose in the bowl, and I knew that Jocelyn who was never afraid, Jocelyn of the dark red hair warmed by summer suns, wise eyes, cool as summer moonlight and green as summer trees, Jocelyn of the sun-browned hands and smiling mouth, warm as summer wine . . . Jocelyn who was never afraid, would have been happy anywhere.

ANNOUNCING
a
SHORT SHORT STORY
CONTEST
--650 Words--

Judges

Dr. Susan B. Harmon

Mr. Percy Fitzhugh

Judge Allen

Lois Belfield

*Names are to be submitted with
manuscript in a sealed envelope*

Deadline Dec. 9

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor, THE OLD LINE:

Just a word to extend credit where it is certainly due. Your magazine is superb. It is well balanced, and the reading matter extremely interesting. Especially do I enjoy the fine articles by Lois Belfield.

Keep up the good work.

—LOIS BELFIELD

* * *

Editor, THE OLD LINE:

I get a copy of your magazine whenever it comes out and enjoy it immensely. It is well balanced, and the reading matter extremely interesting. Especially do I enjoy the fine articles of Lois Belfield.

Keep up the good work.

MRS. BELFIELD

* * *

Editor, THE OLD LINE:

Congratulations to you and your staff for a great periodical. It is the height of entertainment. Not another college humor can come anywhere near it, and I read plenty of them.

A word about the art work. It strikes me as unique that a college publication can exhibit such a professional calibre. The art editor, Loy Littman, certainly is to be complimented for his brilliant work.

LOY LITTMAN

The fraters were having a very solemn meeting. Suddenly a knock was heard at the door and a timid young pledge entered.

"Can I have a glass of water, sir?" he asked nervously.

"Go ahead, take one," called the active, quite annoyed.

Soon the pledge returned and requested another glass of water.

"Take it and get out, damn it," they growled.

Once again he returned. "Another glass, please."

"Go ahead, go ahead," was the sarcastically sweet tone.

He was back.

"May I—"

"Say, what the hell!" they exploded, "you sure got a lousy thirst, eh?"

"Not at all, sir," said the pledge timidly, "but the house is on fire."

Editor, THE OLD LINE:

I am an ardent well-wisher of the OLD LINE and have never been disappointed in an issue. However, the Navy Game issue is the best yet. It is the very peak of journalistic endeavor.

May I offer a suggestion? In my opinion, Judge Allen's stories of brimming vitality and zest are a great asset to your magazine. Couldn't you get him to be a more frequent contributor?

JUDGE ALLEN

* * *

Editor, THE OLD LINE:

Atta boy! Hitting it right off. Swell mag. Big Time Stuff. Especially that modern up to the minute stuff by Jack Duncan. Yea man. There's a boy with pep in his copy.

Sincerely,

JACK DUNCAN

* * *

Editor, THE OLD LINE:

Yours is a magazine of virtue, and I ought to know. There is nothing so praiseworthy as high ideals and noble endeavor in the field of journalism.

Great stuff of Bill Needham. It is most excellent, most excellent. Alive, spontaneous, hilarious, fervent with a remarkable originality, piercingly critical and uncommonly just. Great stuff. More of Bill Needham's Stuff.

BILL NEEDHAM

Editor, THE OLD LINE:

Yours is a publication of great merit. Especially do I like the clear, emphatic reasoning of Ralph Watt's articles in the Navy Game issue of the OLD LINE.

RALPH WATT

* * *

Editor, THE OLD LINE:

Yours is a publication of great merit. Especially do I like the clear emphatic reasoning of T. Harry Penn's article in the Navy Game issue of the OLD LINE.

T. HARRY PENN

* * *

Editor, THE OLD LINE:

Gee whiz! the OLD LINE is great. I'm all bubbling over but what I want to say so much about it. I've been a constant reader of it for a long time and you can always count on me to support it.

My friend Levinson wants me to tell how much he likes that woodcut this issue. We both think it's much better than John Held, Jr., could do.

CLARK HEIRONIMUS

* * *

Editor, THE OLD LINE:

**** Of all the asinine, nonsensical, idiotic displays of stupidity, let me compliment your publication on being ultra in that respect.

If the paper it's printed on were a bit more absorbent, there would be only one use for the OLD LINE. As it is, it's worthless.

Q. E. D.

****This testimonial was not paid for.



—Purple Parrot.

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JUNIOR PROM NUMBER

THE WRONG
GIRL!



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HIMMELHERF - DOERF - NEEDHAM - BRENNAN - LEVIN - DUNK

FEBRUARY 3

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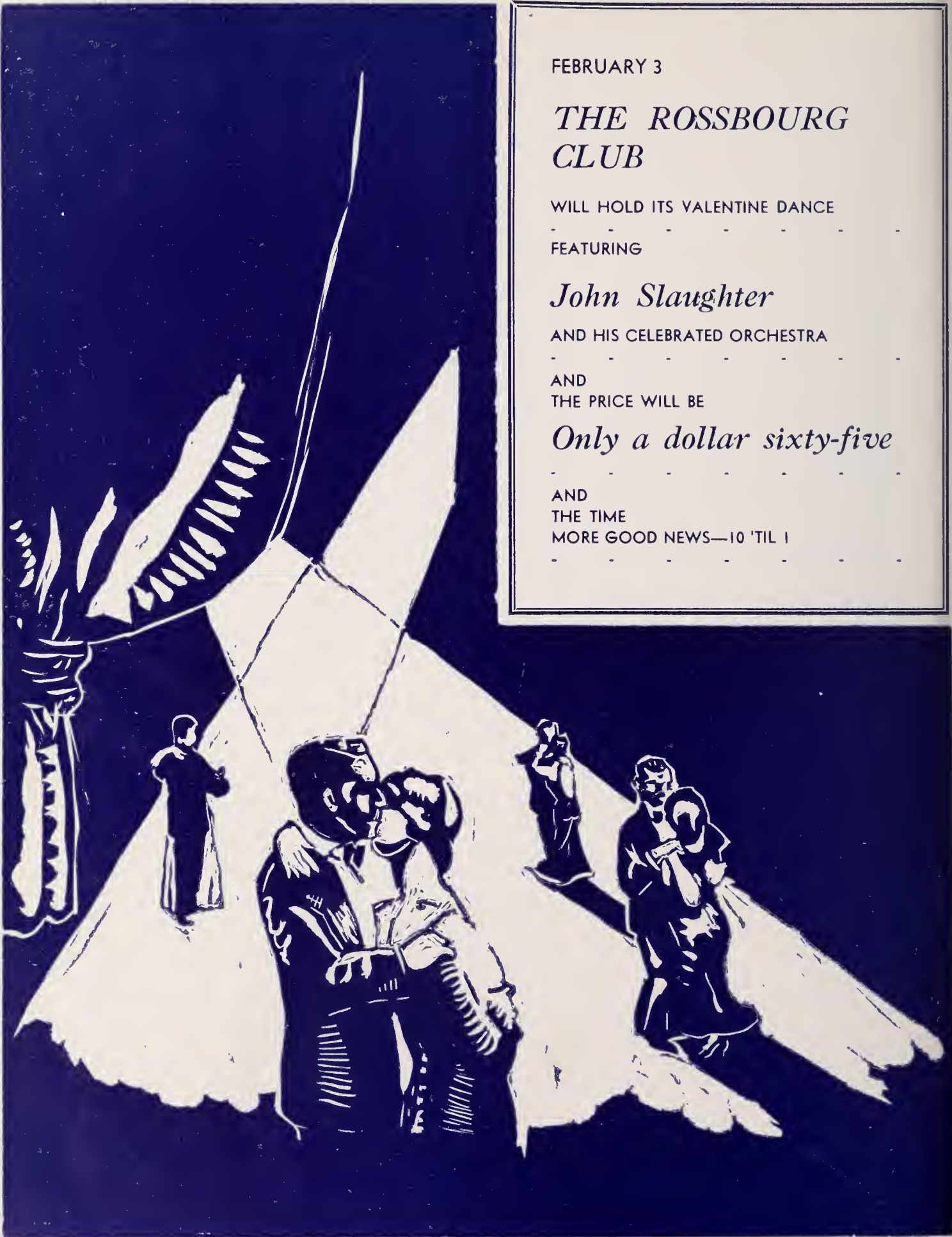
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Editorial

Inconsistent and unsystematic . . . these words characterize the present ruling whereby candidates for the major publications' offices are placed before the entire student body for election.

It is impossible for an electorate of more than seventeen hundred students to choose between several persons for such an office and the reason should be obvious. A student's ability to fill a major office on the staff of a publication can be judged fairly and accurately only by those who have supervised his apprenticeship in the service, and by those who have been his co-workers.

The general student body has no way of knowing which of several candidates for such an important office has done the largest amount of the grinding labor attached to staff work, which has the greatest ability and initiative, which has the qualities of keen judgment and sure leadership that are pre-eminently essential to the successful and creditable discharge of so important an office. It is not consistent with the achievement standards of University of Maryland activities that the choosing of its leaders be left to a group ignorant of the requirements for good performance.

Sports managers are chosen not by the student body, which in general is obviously unfitted to make such an election . . . sports managers are named by the teams and the coaches, who know the characters and abilities and merits of the candidates involved.

The objections to a similar system for publications' offices are that politics, unreasoning preferences and friendships would influence the decision. But these gossamer attractions would fade into proper oblivion when the candidates are scrutinized for leadership qualities, when the amount of work is accounted for, and when the qualities of work are judged by the members of the publications' board, the faculty advisor, and Pi Delta Epsilon.



The Old Line

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Woman's Editor
DOROTHY CLAFIN

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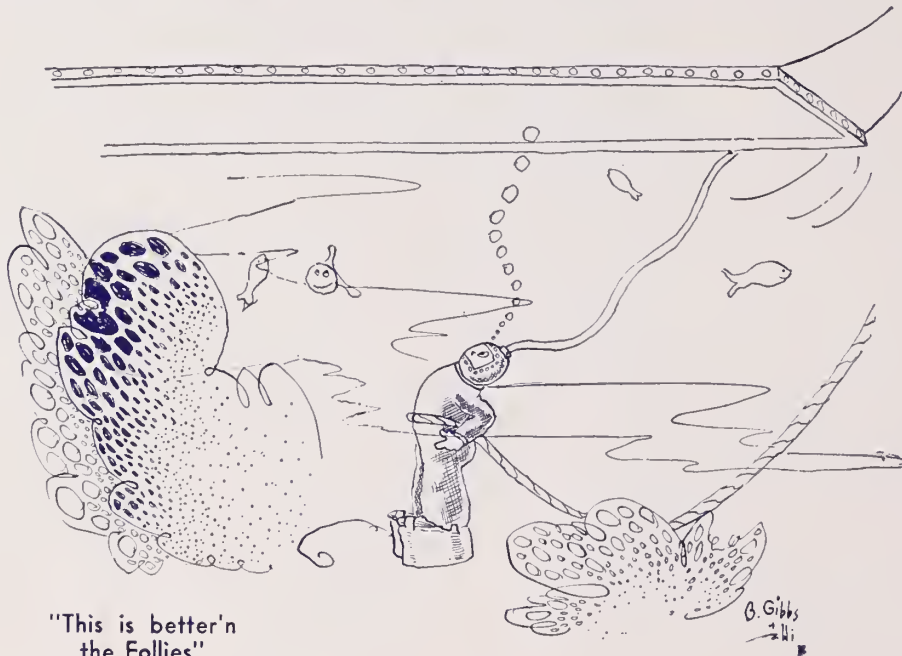
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All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager; all literary communications and contributions should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief, and all drawings should be submitted to the Art Editor.

Copyright applied for.

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GLASS BOTTOM BOAT CO.



"This is better'n
the Follies"

Hey! Tony stuck in a mud.
How far in a mud?
Tony stuck up to his knees.
Well, let him walk out.
He can't walk out—
He's wronga end up.

—Tiger.

Now this takes a girl with nerve—
playing strip poker with only a bathing
suit on.—Bored Walk.

Freshie: "Did you say you got your
letter in basketball?"

Varsity: "Yes, and I had to play like
Hell to get it."

Freshie: "I'll get one then, 'cause
that's the way the coach says I play."

—Orange Peel.

The last word in aircraft:—jump.
—Juggler.

"Did you test this stuff?"

"Yeh, I poured some in the ash-tray
to burn it."

"Did it burn green?"

"I don't know, I can't find the ash-
tray."

—Lampoon.

"Now," said the college man to his
dad at the football game, "you'll see
more excitement for two dollars than
you ever saw before."

"I don't know," replied the old gent,
"that's what I paid for my marriage
license."

—Grinnell Malteaser.

Do you play on the piano?
I have but it's terribly uncomfortable.

—Sour Owl.

"The news editor is in the hospital
being censored."

"Censored? Why what do you
mean?"

"Having several important parts cut
out."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

God made man
Frail as a bubble.
God made love,
Love made trouble.
God made the vine,
Was it a sin
That man made the wine
To drown trouble in?

Cop (to couple in car): "You can't
waste your time parking here."

Euphriculus: "I'm not wasting my
time."

—White Mule.

They gathered up his pieces,
With a shovel and a rake,
Because he grabbed a silken knee,
When he should have grabbed the
brake.

At the Altar: "And do you take this
woman for your lawful wedded wife?"

Addonnizie (still with that classroom
influence): "Would you mind repeating
the last question."

—White Mule.

"How do ya make a peach cordial?"

"Give her about four shots."

—The Shine.

Then there was the street cleaner who
spent his vacation in a fraternity bull-
session.

—Ohio Green Goat.



Robert
Boucher

"I owe, everybody, I owe"

*I really don't know
if I should smoke...*

...but my brothers and my sweetheart smoke, and it does give me a lot of pleasure.

Women began to smoke, so they tell me, just about the time they began to vote, but that's hardly a reason for women smoking. I guess I just like to smoke, that's all.

It so happens that I smoke CHESTERFIELD. They seem to be milder and they have a very pleasing taste.



the Cigarette that's Milder

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La
Pi



MARIAN BATES
Alpha Omicron Pi.



To Lead—
DOROTHY SWACH
of Cumberland, Maryland.
and
HAROLD NAUGHTON
President, Junior Class

MARY SOLOMON
Alpha Upsilon Chi.

DOROTHY SHIPLEY
Kappa Kappa Gamma.



from a
drawing
by Loy
Littman.



the
ide

To Assist—

CAROLYN VOGT
of Washington.
and

ROBERT KENT
Chairman, Prom Committee

IRENE KNOX
Delta Xi.



ELIZABETH EHLE
Kappa Delta.

FRANCES RICHEY
Brent Hall



from a
painting
by Clark
Heironimus.

Ye Junior Promenade



This cynical lad, whose efforts to impress his fickle lady friend with his unconcern have failed, is reflecting on how artificial is all this pomp and show. He is deciding to devote his life to science—or shall he get drunk?



"The choke—Pull the choke!" At least one couple at every dance has this sort of experience to talk about the rest of the evening.

Elmer, who plays the saxophone, has just made another comment on the orchestra's poor rhythm section.



The boys are having a great time cutting in on Marie, the girl with the daring gown. In the background, Richy (ΦΠΦ) has suddenly grown chummy with Frances (ΥΚΠ) and is guaranteeing that Marie (ΚΕΠ) wouldn't be half so popular if, etc.



Poor Jane is in a cold fright thinking about "B. O." and halitosis ads in connection with Ralph's avoiding her all evening.

Loy Littman

The New Line

...PURELY AN ILLUSION

Whatever may be our reason for being here in school, it hardly fits in with the action of flying, pants clad, through the early morning hours with a ladder, a bucket of paint, a brush, and four or five other men, the latter to do look out while we balance perilously ahigh and print that our class is supreme, and for, a little later, gentlemen of another class to go through the same preliminaries and add supreme what.

It is senseless; it is childish it is horrible vandalism. We are *men*, now . . .

Although they have erased the words from the top of the greenhouse, the bright moonlight, by some trick, brings them alive again. The blue, cold light makes the printing as plain as it was the first day we saw it.

And a very funny thing happened the other morning. It was two-thirty and we were hurrying about the campus, doing



something. We happened to glance over at the greenhouse. The moon was brilliant and "Frosh are supreme—Idiots" was unmistakably clear.

But what we saw, or, more accurately, thought we saw, alongside the greenhouse, brought us up short. Four or five men were standing there—middle aged men, shoulders stooped, hair thin and grayed. Now that we think of it they could have been Old Grads. They had their heads bared and were standing, silent and still, gazing up at this inscription. One of them was standing off by himself and it seemed to me his lips were moving.

It's all very crazy, of course, and, no doubt, some sort of illusion. What would Old Grads be doing alongside the greenhouse at two-thirty in the morning? And even if they were there, what possible reason could they have for staring at this foolish inscription? And with their hats off.

There is no sense to it . . . is there?

This year's OLD LINE will go down into history as the contest volume. A contest an issue is our standard, though we were rather at loss just what to contest about this time. We contested for the most attractive co-ed and for the best short-short-short story, and were to say the least, wondering what to do next. Then we solved the difficulty: this issue we hereby announce a contest for next issue of the best idea to run a contest about in the last issue.

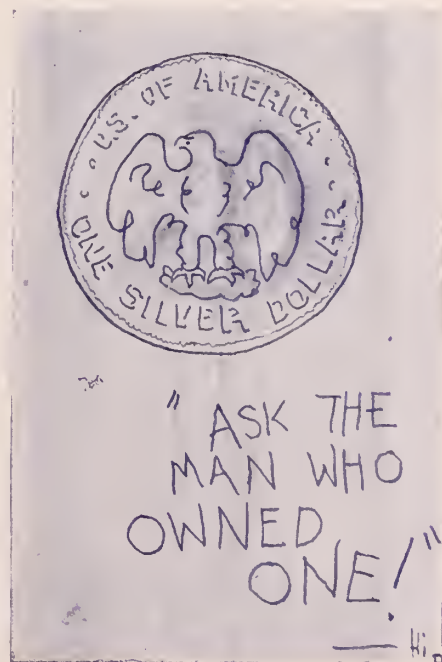


MUCK

Thirteen separate "dirt" columns we counted in our contributions for this issue. Having, in September, let out our lucrative yearly contracts for this sort of work to people who do it very well, and, which in journalistic endeavor is more noteworthy, very regularly, we were unable to do more than read the columns ourselves (which we did with thorough enjoyment) and then use the reverse sides of the sheets for written, intraoffice communications—like "Have you ever heard this one before?"—and then the one, on "Thank Heavens we haven't enough poetry this issue for a poetry page."

With the ranks of the Needhamistic inclined rapidly increasing, our idea is to set up sort of an exchange, with, perhaps, someone like ourselves in charge, and where, for a small handling charge, you can exchange your dirt column (or any suitable dirt column) for another dirt column.

Certain details will have to be worked over first, though. Like what to do if the column you get duplicates a spadeful in the column you hand in, or what to do, or what could be done, if you find *yourself* flogged in the column you get.



BRUNETTES

Last year's New Liner called attention to the choosing of brunette sponsors for the Home Coming Game. That was only the beginning of a bold and sweeping conquest. Every event on the hill last year a brunette was chosen as sponsor. We thought that perhaps the blondes would heed the warning . . . but no. The brunettes are again overwhelmingly victorious: Homecoming Day, Junior Promenade, Regimental Sponsors, Omicron Delta Kappa, Junior-Senior German . . . a clean sweep. In the near future a secret meeting will be held,



everyone masked but with blond heads showing above the masks, and plans and schemes will be devised. However, behind one of those masks will be the New Liner, and should he forsee that the plans will come to naught, he will break away, race madly down the hill and into Washington to buy scillions of shares of Brunettes Hair Dye.



MORE FUN

Don't be surprised if, in the very near future, you should see a poor individual with snowy white hair, a slightly leary look in his eyes, trying to do two opposite things at once, such as tying and untying his shoe strings, buttoning or unbuttoning his coat, or talking pro and con technocracy at the same time. He is quite harmless. People may wonder about him and shake their heads mournfully, but there was a reason for his condition. A sad unremediable reason. He was a perfectly normal person, knew the time of the radio programs, read Bill Needham, and then he became interested in the Old Line. One day he was appointed Editor. And about that time the University senate began to take an interest in the magazine. The Editor was told to put out a magazine that would foster the literary spirit of the campus, publish a lot of stories, poetry, and, if the Editor insisted, some very clean jokes. The students didn't want stories, emphatically didn't want poetry, and wanted lots of jokes and pictures, tsk tsk preferred. Then after two issues his hair whitened, and since then . . . very sad.



HINT

We are informed by a happy carefree lad that the University won't send the grades home if one owes them money. He recommends not returning library books.



Illustrated by Clark Heironimus

■ Plantain, the first time he saw her, thought that she was the most beautiful woman he had seen in the long women-filled years of his life. Her hair swept back in pale wings, and she walked with ethereal grace. Her eyes were deep and blue, and somehow unearthly. She was certainly the most beautiful woman in Paris.

And she was the most illusive woman in the world. He met her at one of those suppers where DeVries so delighted to bring the strange and the conventional, the old and the lovely, together . . . while he hovered at the edges, so to speak, watching with amused, critical eyes, missing nothing. Jennifer was the strange, the lovely. Plantain was one whom many years had touched, but touched lightly. DeVries once said to him, "Aren't you ever going to give up, Plantain? You're entirely too . . . perennial, let's say. You know, it would be amusing, if you crumbled suddenly, like dust, and blew away . . ." And DeVries brought Jennifer to him, but DeVries could not have known.

He met her; she turned as they entered.

"Mademoiselle . . ." DeVries began, but Plantain heard no more. There was something in the blue tear depths of her eyes where his life had its beginning and its end. His youth (had he met her then) would not have touched her. All the wisdom his fully lived years had taught him echoed itself in her. This passion of his age was the strangest passion of his life.

But she eluded him. He glimpsed her riding alone in the Bois, wheeled, and followed her, but she was gone suddenly in the sunlight. He heard her laugh in a restaurant, and sought her, but she was not there. At the opera, he looked unexpectedly into her eyes. She had been watching him, and for a moment they gazed at each other. Then she smiled. But afterward, he could not find her anywhere.

The months passed, and he thought of her constantly; but not once did he despair of finding her. It was inevitable that they meet again. There was no hurry. Winter came, and the glittering so-

Jennifer

KATHRYN WALKER

ciety of Paris quickened into life as he had seen it quicken so many times before. But it no longer drew him. The quieter the evening, the more perfect she became in his imagination . . . until it seemed that he could feel the unearthly tenderness of her eyes upon him. And the glow of a fire was like the glow of her presence about him.

Around the new year DeVries, out of his consuming curiosity, came to see him.

"Giving up at last, Plantain?"

"Not a bit of it."

DeVries smiled wickedly. "Age sits by the fire," he said, "Youth dances."

Soon afterward Plantain found her. It was raining, and he saw her step into a cab. He stepped in after her, and closed the door. Without surprise, she turned and smiled.

"Mademoiselle," he said, though neither of them needed words, "Mademoiselle, you must know . . ."

"I do," she said, "I do know."

He leaned toward her.

"Wait," she said quietly. "If you touch me . . . Haven't you felt, Monsieur, that I am not . . . like other people?"

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "I think I have seen something in your eyes that isn't quite . . . quite mortal." He laughed. "But then, you *are* divine. And I adore you."

"It's this," she said softly, looking at her hands, "I might as well tell you. You see, I'm . . . not alive . . ."

And then he lost her again; but the thought of her hung in his mind like fog. Of course she was not alive. She was far too lovely for mortality. She was a spirit of flame. She was a passion within him. She was the beginning and the end . . . the end? If she was not life, could she be . . . ?

Gradually, as the days passed, Plantain's emotions about her changed. A fear of her grew in him, yet his admiration did not diminish. Thus it was, one night, when he found her again, walking alone down a road that curved into darkness. For an instant he paused in uncertainty, terribly afraid, terribly fascinated. He thought of breaking away suddenly, with all the power remaining in him, and turning back, but whatever she was, life, or death . . . did not matter enough. He called to her.

She turned and smiled. She held out her hand. There was something in the blue tear depths of her eyes where his life had its beginning and its end. He took her hand. Before them, the road stretched into darkness.

Justice

ROBERT VINCENT

■ The boy sat very straight and still. He had felt quite important when the thin man called his name, and had even swaggered defiantly when he climbed up on the queer box and into the big chair. But now he was afraid. The fat man at the desk kept rubbing his nose and staring at him. Then he banged with the hammer he held, and the boy jumped.

The thin man asked him a question, standing until he answered, peering at him through shiny glasses that wobbled on the very top of his nose. The boy held his breath for fear they would suddenly swoop from their narrow perch and sail into the air, rigid wings outspread.

But the question bothered him. He glanced towards his mother and saw that she was crying. He wrinkled his forehead, looked at his feet and said, "Yes, sir." He couldn't tell these staring people about the time his father had shouted at his mother with his face all purple and ugly, and finally lurched out of the house and never came back again. Or the days his mother had sewed and sewed until her fingers shook so she jabbed her hand with the needle and sat there, watching the growing red spot with dry eyes. Or the nights he slept alone in the room, wondering and wondering, yet never daring to question when she came in haggard and big-eyed and sipped the watery coffee he had made for her. And he would never tell about that awful day when school-mates had screamed things at him about her, and he had come home, fists red with drying blood, and pantingly demanded that she deny the accusation, only to



Illustrated by Leonard Levinson

have her turn away murmuring something about money.

He clenched his hands and realized that the man was waiting for another "Yes, sir."

He answered and was surprised to see the poised glasses leap into the air and snap decisively on a tiny diminishing chain into a button-like thing on the man's coat. Their owner was waving his arms and shouting something about it being a deliberately criminal affair.

The boy wondered if he were a criminal. He guessed maybe he was a kind of a bad person. He proudly recalled the days he had planned the three letters he had scrawled to important people—ones with heaps of money, of course how he had tried to sound desperate and grown up. Well, he was desperate and most grown up. And then, on the big night, he had kissed his mother, told her not to worry, and slipped out the front door. He remembered his excitement over finding the envelope full of crisp bills, under

the stone in the church lot, the funny tumble bug that had crawled under the flap and rolled itself up there. One of the bills had fluttered out and gone dancing over the dry grass with him scamp-ering after it. He had just pounced upon it when something gripped his shoulder and he was surrounded by sudden dark shapes. One of them flashed a light in his face and he caught a glint of silver on his chest.

But the thin man was shouting things about his mother now—horrid things—blaming her—calling her indecent—unfit.

He glanced strickenly toward her, saw her white knuckled hands and tight shut eyes, the scrawney feather in her hat—and leaped to his feet, kicking at the astonishing grey legs of the thin man, striking blindly with knotted fists.

The Judge leaned solemnly on his desk, made a long speech about wayward youth, and sentenced the boy to five years in the reformatory.

Old Line SHORT STORY CONTEST

First Prize

KATHRYN WALKER

Second Prize

ROBERT VINCENT

Honorable Mention

Jack Duncan

Leonard Levinson

Committee of Judges

Dr. Susan E. Harman

Lois Belfield

Mr. Robert T. Fitzhugh

Judge Allen

HYSTERIA of the CLASS of 1933 :: by ALICE BRENNAN

I warn you, this is a lot of bilge!

O. O. MacIntyre says that most people can't be interesting without talking about themselves,—and who am I to dispute his word?

Accordingly, I shall write about myself—if it's possible to use this type-writer. Something seems to be wrong with the letter "I" key. Why, it's all worn out! So, *Needham* has been using my typewriter again!

Yes, I intend to write about myself. If you don't like it, don't read it. I'm not being paid for this stuff, anyway!

This is a swell opportunity to gripe a little bit about all sorts of unpleasant things—such as the wish-washy way the Kappa-Kappa Delta bout was handled; the incompetent dramatic critics that the Diamondback sends out; runny noses on a cold day; the Kappa's private society column that *Rosalie Grant* runs in the Diamondback; the face that the Old Line confines its bouquets and brickbats to people on the Publication's staffs. (Editor's note: Yeah? Phooey on the whole University). *Ebaugh's* general attitude of self-sufficiency; the lack of heat in the library; and, most of all, the fact that the illustrious office of class Historian is derided and derided because it is allegedly superfluous!! Indeed!

We would like to announce that the historian is not an ordinary person—she stands apart from the rabble. Her mind is clothed with delicate dreams, woven from the bright and the tarnished threads of memory—Blah!

Memories, I remember, I remember: High School days—Betty Smaltz scurrying down the halls of Central . . . demure, plain . . . always reminding me of a frightened bunny rabbit . . . never giving any hint of the dark beauty she was to claim with womanhood; sitting next to *Erwin Beardsley* in summer chemistry class, and almost laughing myself into a failure; a hilarious Eastern High frat picnic, and *Esther Hughes*, with *Smockey*, sitting high up on a pile of straw in an old moving van; a short story writing class . . . and all the girls

being dismissed, so the teacher could read, unreservedly, a highly-colored product of *Al Toomb's* imagination.

And then we were freshmen . . . I remember . . . I remember back four years ago; when the rat and rabbit rules were enforced rigidly; the men's hoarse cries of horror and dismay at the sight of the freshman girls—up to their knees in black cotton; the waving aisles of corn where the Hort building now stands, and ditto for Margaret Brent Hall; the glory that was the Ag Building's when it housed a spacious lounging room for the

the men and women took turns about using the Ritchie Gym for Physical Ed; when some people were still clinging to a hope that Morrill Hall would burn down; when there were no assigned parking places, and everybody left his or her car at the most convenient spot; when the Old Library knew all the secrets of campus romances; when the A O Pies were just planning a new house; when to sit in the outfield of the Dining Hall meant starvation; when the Old Line wasn't even in existence; and the Diamondback and Revielle Offices held sway in a little room in the old Ritchie Gymnasium . . . I remember . . . I remember . . .

When *Bill Needham* didn't have the courage to go into the Diamondback Offices and ask for some work to do; when, at an Opera Club meeting, *Jimmie Decker* refused to try out for a part because he didn't think he could sing; when a tall, rangy blonde with a sad mouth and over-enthusiastic hair and he'd like to draw a little cartoon for the paper, and was turned down because at that time nobody had ever heard of his name. *Heironimus*; when *Dot Romback* was a Sigma Phi Sigma; when the M C A wasn't even thought of; when *Dot Shipley* was that way about *Dick Clark*; and everybody ragged *Ralph Williams* because he seemed to like *Pete Hardiman*, and everybody knew that *John* was the only man in her heart; when *Doris Lanahan* and the inevitable *Henry* were schoolmates; when the blonde "master" of A O P I held the men of dear old Maryland in the palm of her hand; when *Mary Ricketts*

made a bet that she could make a certain woman-hater kiss her, and lost, but got a spanking from him instead; when *Dot Lane* had long hair and wasn't interested in the men; when *Gibbs Sommers* was in love with *Wilma Coleman*, and she was *O'Hara*ed; when *Mary Medinger* began with a Phi instead of a Delta; when *Audrey Jacobs* got a yen for boxers, and after she had trained *Decker*, she fought for *Robbins*, and then, did she get *Savage*!

I remember . . . what do you remember, 1933? . . . Memories.



Filed in armor by Levinson, knight friend of the Godivas

girls, and a tiny cubby hole that was the post office . . . where all the mail was put in one place and you had to go all through it, letter by letter, before you could find your own; when the book store was in the basement of the Ag Building and the Registrar's Office was on the first floor; and everybody met everybody else on the Ag steps; when signs "Keep off the Grass" decorated the plot where the Library now towers; when everyone was talking about the proposed baseball field, and nobody dreamed of a Coliseum or a Girls' Field House; when

The unfortunate thing about the spirit at College Park . . . is that it has reached the ridiculous . . . stage of 'rah-rah' of the raucous sort.

Hyman Levin The Newsletter

From what little the writer of this article knows of the College Park Campus of the University of Maryland he, nevertheless, notes an obvious spirit that exists among the students there, which is lacking at the Johns Hopkins University. That spirit is indubitably incongruous with the attitude which pervades Homewood. The place which extra-curricular activities holds in the eyes of the administration and student body at the U. of M., it seems, is preferable to that held by those at the J. H. U.

Laying aside the matters of curriculum and relative standing in the field of higher education, perhaps the only remaining important point for discussion is that concerning campus activities.

At the University of Maryland, most certainly, there is an undergraduate life because the primary purpose, perhaps, of the institution is distinctively undergraduate. In the case of Hopkins, the J. H. U. authorities are quick to remind that the University is primarily a research institution maintaining a truly graduate spirit.

It is true that when a man enters college he should do so with the serious purpose in mind of preparing himself for whatever his life work may be. Yet the student is unwise to become a scholastic grind. He should have campus activities to which to turn for diversion. Four years of college life can be made

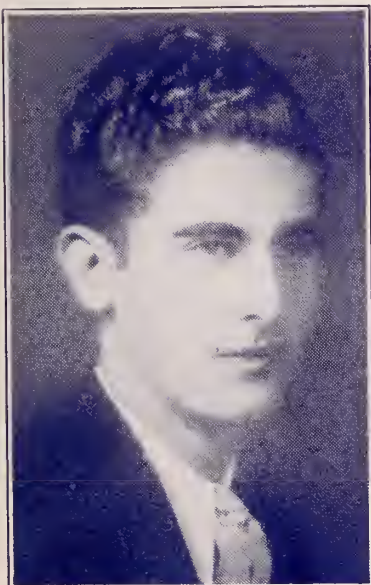
more enjoyable and more profitable by the student's participation in campus activities.

It is because of the difference in what may be called purpose and attitude of the University of Maryland and the Johns Hopkins University and the difference in the size of the two undergrad-

uate bodies that there is at Maryland what is lacking at the Hopkins—a co-operative, not indifferent attitude which backs the athletic teams and the campus organizations.

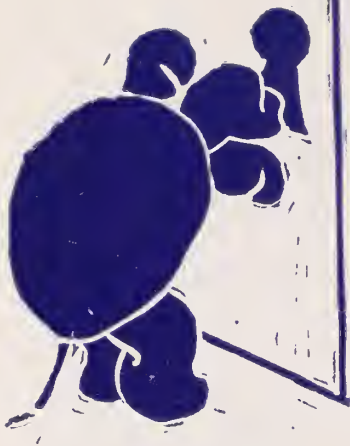
The unfortunate thing about the spirit at College Park, however, is that it has reached, apparently, the ridiculous and conventional stage of "rah-rah" of the raucous sort. There seems to be a desire for "real" college life, which includes such absurdities as freshman regulations which have been consistently and relentlessly derided by this writer. Despite what the editor-in-chief of *The Diamondback* may believe, a campus can be modishly civilized, not take on the appearance of "a pink tea function", and still be pervaded by a commendable spirit among the undergraduates. The spirit of good will can be made a possibility without the silly enforcement of "rat rules".

It is rather a dangerous thing to request of a Johns Hopkins man his views on Maryland. However, these thoughts have been presented simply and honestly. After all, these things are a matter of individual taste and opinion, as is the choice of one's college.



Breaking a tradition of more than twenty years, Hyman Levin was elected, in his junior year at the Johns Hopkins University, the editor-in-chief of *THE NEWS-LETTER*, semi-weekly newspaper. He was named to the post of assistant managing editor at the close of his freshman year at the Hopkins, which he held throughout his sophomore year.

Having been graduated in mid-term from the Baltimore City College, Levin entered the University of Baltimore for a half year before entering Johns Hopkins University in October, 1930. At U. of B., through his efforts, the school's first periodical was founded.



■ I wonder what those lucky individuals who helped out the Christmas rush will do with the spare cash that they made. If you made the rounds as we did you saw . . . Ed. Connelly and Chemist Hershberger "slaving" at Rears & Sawbuck . . . Kitty Dennis busy at Becker's . . . Charlotte Thoenen with her locks stuffed with pencils at Palais Royal . . . dearest Gretchen at that shop on the Avenue . . . Frankie Vaughn (missing this year) at Woodward a Lothrop's.

Of all those who visit the Diamondback office Ex-Editor Zimmerman seems to get the most rest . . . Al Toombs, sports writer, maintains his perfect average by dropping in late to the season's first basketball game with Wisconsin . . . It's a fact that the campus queens Mary Stallings and Amber Young-

blood teach Sunday School classes at the same church in Washington . . . Ol' Friend Mac, last year's Editor of the OLD LINE, tells of his conference with Burns and Allen in New York. Perhaps Mac will turn out to be a gag writer, who knows? . . . "Boys, prices have been adjusted to 1933 levels at Oakcrest" . . . This advertisement has not been paid for in any way . . . hush . . . hush . . . Mr. Anglin.

For stepping across the dance floor the current tunes, "I'm Playing With Fire," a very warm number, and "The Girl in the Little Green Hat" do sound steppable . . . listen for them at the Prom.

Ruth Wellington, whom the wags have tagged "the Iron Duchess", is just galvanized, gentlemen, just galvanized! Now, Ruthie, you're famous. . . . Tracy Coleman is known as "Horse Collar" by his fraters . . . and the Hasslinger-Schmidt-Scott trio will have to move if their respective pin-bearers don't stop visiting at the wrong times . . . a man can't be his usual cheery self with just a bath towel wound about the torso. . . . Ed (Hannigan Alumni Assoc.) Harlan is going, and has been for months, with an old friend of ours, Virginia Barton, and little did we reck that SHE was the One and Only . . . those sort of things make you want to yell "Surprise!" . . . Marguerite Norris, says D. L. V., the mad maid

from Michigan, is one of the prettiest coeds on the campus and nobody appreciates her. . . . Onalene Lawrence, splashy KD pledge, has been engaged to Pete Desjardines for two years, but if Pete only knew what happened in Washington recently—tsk! tsk! . . . (he was doing exhibish diving in Florida at the time).

There's nothing like an all night session in the D'b'k. auffle to write thousand word English themes that have to be handed in fourth period the next morning with three tests just before. . . . So say the Student Government Association, the Old Line, and the Diamondback staffs . . . ice cream served at one and four o'clock; dishes are in the second right hand drawer, first desk, second office. . . . Cassandra Jones croons her own depression song: "Lets Put Out the Light and Sell the Bulbs." . . .

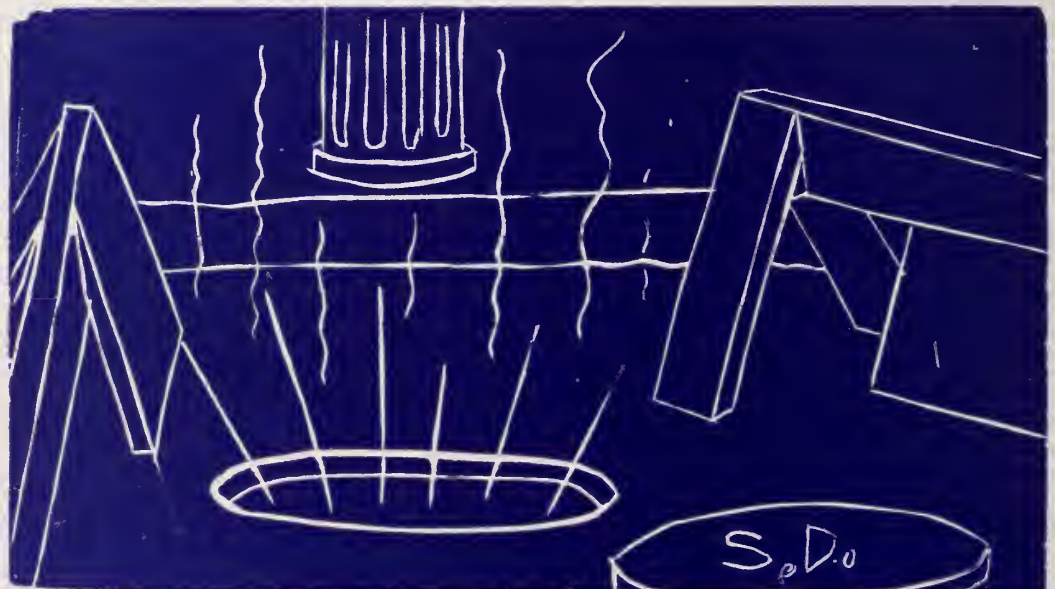
The radiators in The Diamondback Office can make the loudest and most nerve-shattering noises of any radiators we have ever encountered. . . . Lieutenant Shepard, the fashion-plate of the military department, is rumored to have two or three complete sets of full-dress blues . . . which same were purchased in China just before he was assigned here . . . the Lieutenant and his very charming wife, incidentally, have no competition for the title "All-Maryland Chaperons" . . . insofar as this appears *after* Finals, it's fun to pluck daisies as to whether or not we'll be here to read it . . . "the Dean loves me . . . the Dean loves me not . . ." and so on. . . . The "Purple Past" girl, on whom hordes of ex-athletes and men-about-campus lavish so much attention, is herewith advised that she has a *very* nice father and won't he please make some more kind remarks? . . . Hi—I *think* there's 350 words here, and if not, 'scuse, because there seems to be a dress rehearsal of the Radiator Revue on tonight, and I can't compete. . . . I've done a lot of knocking, in my time, but if you've ever heard three million riveting machines, all riveting rivets at once, you'll get the comparison rather vividly.

Put it into lead, Mr. Printer!

B
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"How's the column coming, Bill?"





Drawn for the OLD LINE by
Joseph Himmelheber, '21,
Feature Artist of the Star



Drawn for the Old Line
by Tom Doerer,
Sport Cartoonist, Star

THE MORNING AFTER

Junior Prom Blues

JANE HOLST

This is more effective when recited to the delicate accompaniment of "Goofus", accenting every second syllable, with a stagger every sixth word

It's four o'clock the morning after—
wonder after what?
It seems to me I should remember—
should remember, but
It's four o'clock the morning after;
I remember lights and laughter,—
Here's the Junior Psalm.

Now I remember something burning—
something nice and hot;
It wasn't in the punch I'm certain,
but I took a lot.
Now I remember something burning,
Seemed to set my head to turning,—
That's the Junior Bomb.

I wonder what it is I'm feeling—
feeling mighty hard;
It ought to be a twinge of conscience
but I think it's marred.
I wonder what it is I'm feeling,
Seems to keep my senses reeling,—
It's the Junior Qualm.

I seem to see a pretty baby
dancing in my arms;
I seem to feel the evening thrilling—
thrilling to her charms;
I seem to see a pretty baby
Very charming, lovely;—maybe
That's the Junior Femme.

I wonder where I got this Psalm
staggering and wild;
I wonder where I found this Bomb
which was far from mild;
I wonder where I left the Femme
Which is giving me the Qualm,—
Ha!—the Junior Prom.

==

If I had a dollar
For every girl I've met,
I'd be the richest millionaire
The world has e'er seen yet.

If I had a dollar
For every girl I've dined,
I know I would be well-to-do,
Without a debt on mind.

If I had a dollar
For every girl I've kissed,
I couldn't be called wealthy,
But I would be quite well fixed.

If I had a dollar
For every girl I've loved,
Why, then I think that I would buy—
A dollar's worth of grub!

He had a mug that only a mother
chimpanzee could love.

"I am going out for a sleigh ride with
Jack," said Miss Mary Jones. "Will you
please lend me your snow shoes?"

One Collegian: "Did you know that
Mary's father is a big salt miner.

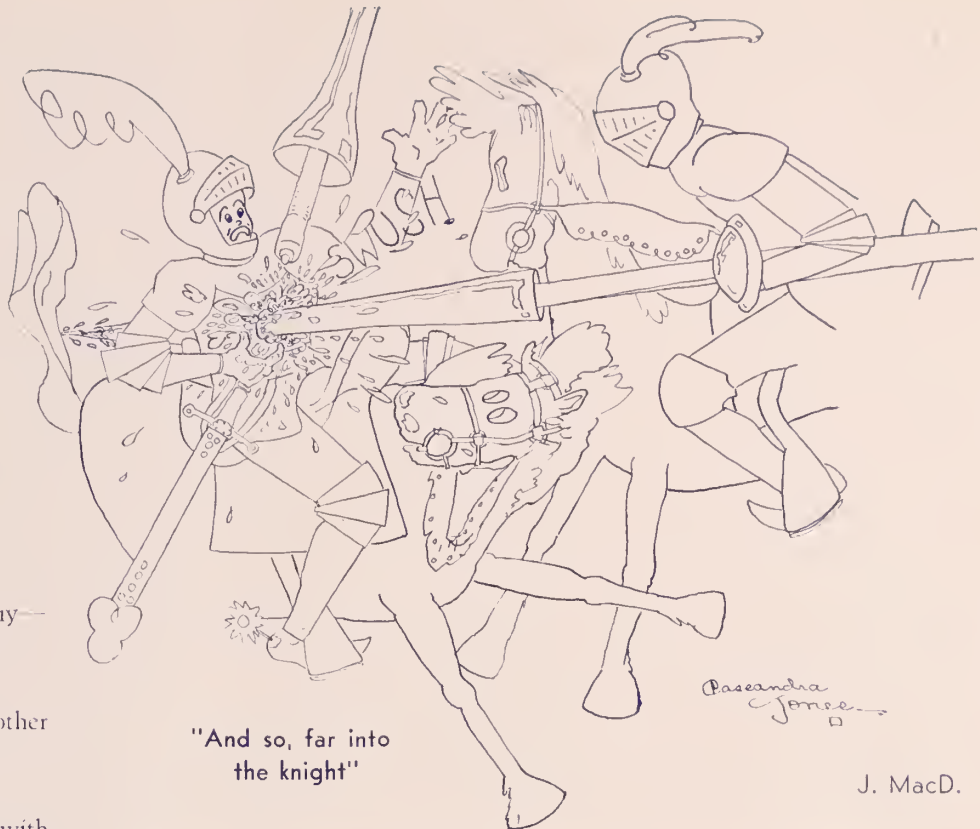
Another: "Oh! That's why they call
her a regular girl.

When better coeds are made, Mary-
land profs will make 'em.



Levinson

"Fill her up, Joe"



"And so, far into
the knight"

J. MacD.

THE JUNIOR PROM CHAIRMAN SUBMITS HIS REPORT

Orchestra (Elmer Zilch and his Eight Beer Barons).....	\$	999.02
Hall (Branchville Community House).....		56.76
Decorations		
Three potted plants.....	\$	49.75
Two electric light bulbs.....		10.63
Roll of crepe paper		16.50
Professional decorators (Frat. Brothers).....		71.23
Special spotlights		13.95
	\$162.06	162.06
Refreshments		
Punch for chaperons.....	\$	2.04
Light Wines for guests.....		49.50
Beer for Beer Barons.....		16.37
	\$67.91	67.91
Chairman's Cut (New Ford).....		493.54
President's Cut		.01
Total Expenditures	\$1,779.30	

A California Chamber of Commerce
reports a surplus of lemons.

So that accounts for the large num-
ber of pledges this year.

First Harlemite: "What state has
your friend Sambo gone to."

Second Ditto: "Hi—de ho."

Yes, Mister Heminghaw, Poney nick-
els are used to make phone calls.

I'll get pneumonia . . .

I'll double you . . . double pneu

monia.

Why be a piker . . . I'll triple you . . .

Don't triple me, I got a weak ankle.

LAST CHANCE, FOR DATE TO

NAME	HEIGHT	HAIR	REMARKS	PHONE No.
Mary Archer	Medium	Brown	Agreeable	0-2
Loretta Arrow	Tall	Brunette	Easy-going	57-J
Clara Barenburg	Medium	Brunette	Earnest	0-2
Beulah Barinott	Tall	Brown	French	No. 6821-J
Erna Mae Behrend	Short	Brunette	Pert	Emer. 0277
Lois Belfield	Medium	Brown	Non-committal	No. 4679-W
Mildred Bishop	Short	Medium	Timid Soul	Ga. 1746
Sally Blacklock	Short	Brown	Fickle	185
Alma Blandford	Medium	Brown	Keen	15
Mary Boyd	Tall	Medium	Unique	275
Helen Bradley	Medium	Brown	Intelligent	Shep. 3179-J
Doris Brigham	Medium	Brown	Domestic	Hy. 5-J
Evelyn Brueckner	Medium	Brunette	Sweet	310
Margaret Burdette	Short	Brown	Charming	224
Christine Caldara*	Medium	Dark	Air-minded	224
Elizabeth Cain	Medium	Blond	Soothing	Gr. 2146
Rebecca Coffey	Tall	Brunette	Sensible	Landover
Rosa Conley	Short	Dark	Knows the Ropes	136
Barbara Dannemiller	Medium	Dark	Deep	275
Catharine Dennis	Tall	Brunette	Pseudo-sweet	Ga. 3528
Alice Dix	Tall	Brown	Quiet	Clev. 1665
Clara Dixon	Medium	Brown	Frank	0-2
Elizabeth Easter	Medium	Blond	Fastidious	Hy. 439-M
Elizabeth Ehle	Medium	Brown	Ingenue	275
Polly Ensor	Medium	Medium	Refreshing	0-2
Doris Evans	Medium	Brunette	Steppy	275
Charlotte Farnham	Medium	Brown	Kittenish	275
Angela Feiser	Tall	Brunette	Vivacious	Hy. 210-R
Mary Franklin	Medium	Brunette	Intelligent	Hy. 847
Esther Fritch	Tall	Brunette	Fragile	275
Gertrude Gilbertson	Tall	Brown	Casual	Hy. 100-W
Rosalie Grant	Tall	Brunette	Stagey	233
Dorothy Griffith	Medium	Brunette	Placid	Shep. 2981
Mary Frances Hala	Medium	Blond	Little-girl	0-2
Ernestine Hammack	Medium	Brown	Self-possessed	224
Jane Holst	Tall	Brunette	Poetess	63-M
Charlotte Hood	Short	Brown	Impudent	224
Dorothy Hopkins	Short	Brunette	Variable	0-2
Audrey Jacobs	Medium	Blond	Ask her	Ga. 4130
Elga Jarboe	Medium	Brunette	Lively	224

*Married

THE PLEDGE'S LETTER HOME AFTER THE PROM

AS IT READS

Dear Mother—

The house party that we've been waiting for is over. The boys talked about it for a month beforehand and they're still talking about it. I brought Marie (you and Papa met her the last time you were down).

Of course, Mrs. Smith, the fraternity chaperon, was there all the time, and everything was all in order from all standpoints, which is only as it should have been. Friday we had a dance by an orchestra from a Washington hotel. Saturday we got up early and went riding, and that afternoon we had a lovely time at the football game. We lost, but put up a fine fight, and I think it was a moral victory for us. There was a radio dance on Saturday, and on Sunday we played bridge and went home about five o'clock.

Of course, I had a lovely time. Marie was the nicest girl I could have gotten to come, and we got along splendidly. The actives are so nice to us pledges that I'm eagerly looking forward to the time when I can be an active. Naturally, there was a cost for keeping the girls over the week-end, which was very reasonable, but still I'm broke. I hope you will send me some money as soon as you can.

I know you'll want to know—no, there wasn't any drinking or anything like that, so I know you'll know I'm perfectly safe. Next time we have a house-party, I hope you'll stop by and see how things are going.

Lots of love to you and Papa,
Your loving son,

Omar.

AS IT SHOULD READ

Dear Mother—

I don't see anyone around anymore and I guess the house party is over. I've got a headache. I told you I was going to take Marie . . . the pain in the neck. You and the old man met her when you rubbed in last week and got me in bad with the members of the frat.

The chaperon, Mrs. Smith, wasn't around half the time . . . some guy came down from New York to see her and she left things to us. I think this had been arranged. Friday a ham orchestra from a two-bit night club played and everybody got tight. You couldn't see a face; all the fellows and their dames were in the cellar, smooching. We were supposed to go hunting or something Saturday, but only Marie got up . . . the fool. You understand, in addition to not drinking, she wouldn't even neck. Had to put her to bed again.

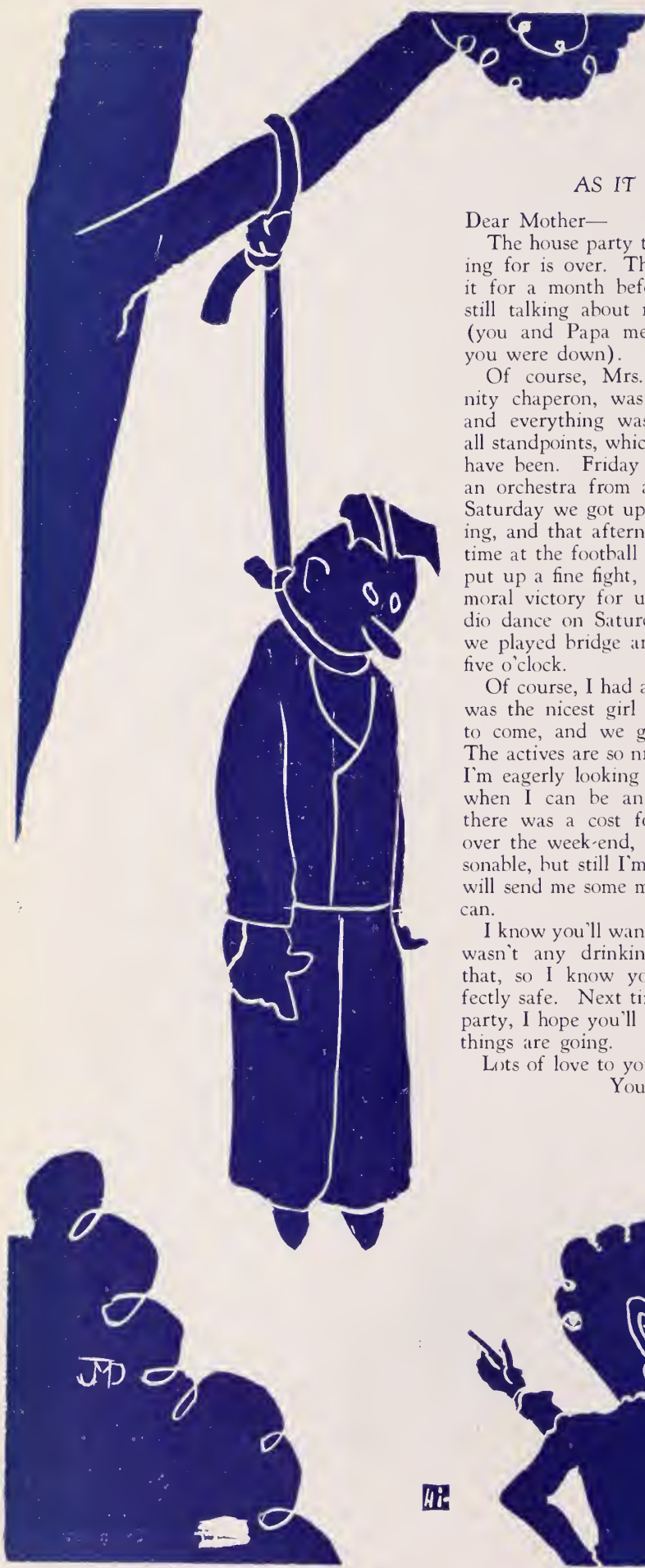
Had to take Marie somewhere and feed her after the radio (necking) dance on Saturday and she cost me another five spot. Football team got licked so we got tight again. Marie is a h— of a date; she went out half the radio dance with some active and I couldn't do a damn thing about it. They treat us pledges swell at this fraternity. Sunday there was nothing to do but play poker, as the girls complained that bridge and blackjack were too tame. I lost almost all my clothes.

Don't forget the dough.

Your tittering son,

Omar.

"Arrest that man. He's been hanging around here for three days!"





"Better'n not having anything there"

Gilbert the trained Teal's worse one is about the reason why a pencil standing on end is like a dog in a refrigerator. He would have you know that they are both perp-in-di-cular (pup in de cooler).



S'TRUTH

Modern Miss
Marcelled head
Shapely hips
Lips blood red.

Not a bus
Pouring rain
Mumbled cuss
Late again.

Slowing car
Gray and tan
"Going far"?
Nice young man.

Miss assents
Giggles in
Sentiments
Then begin.

Thus commences
Many scandals
Broken lives
Triangles.

Olga Lofgren



"Better take these, her old man is a finger print expert"



SURROUNDINGS

We kissed—and dear, the moon was warm—
And stars shone bright above,
We kissed—and then you whispered, "Dear—
The night was made for love."

But now the moon is small and cold,
And you are far away.
And now that there's no one to love.
I much prefer the day.



HEH, HEH, HEH—
I FOOLED YOU, DRACULA—
I'M ANEMIC

*Linoleum cut by
Lenny Levinson—*

HINTS TO COEDS ON DATE

Don't ask him what he thinks of your roommate. He probably has his own ideas on that subject and doesn't want to defame a girl's character anyhow.

Don't tell him that the girls at the house don't understand you. He doesn't either, and doesn't care.

Don't tell him about the helluva good time that he missed by not going to the Tappa Keg brawl. He had a better time somewhere else.

Don't make cracks about his driving. Remember, he isn't driving because he wants to.

If, and when he parks, take off your hat. It will facilitate matters.

Don't plaster up with lip-stick before the fight. No matter how kiss-proof it may be, it will still come off on his shirt. The shirt probably isn't his anyhow.

If he takes a shot, don't go into a long-winded discussion about what it did to a friend of yours. He probably needs it if he's out with you.

Don't make him do all of the work. A little encouragement will go a long way toward another date.

And, above all, DON'T



"Hoo, hoo, hoo," bawled the ghost.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo, indeed," bravely answered Oscar of the Puddington Tulips, "that's a lot of hooley."

Note:

So no conclusion will be drawn against the high moral standards of Maryland students, we wish to say that the contents of this keg is pink lemonade.



OAK Holds Tapping Ceremony



"D---m train . . . late again!"

Friends—Irishmen—and countrymen—lend me a coat—said Walter Raleigh as he put his coat down in the mud puddle for Queen Elizabeth.



Are you stepping out to-night, baby?

No! I don't feel like walking home.



What Maryland means to some of the Coeds—

M—Men
A—Athletics
R—Rivalry
Y—"Yes Men"
L—Library "dates"
A—Another
N—New dirt
D—Dancing



Lend me ninety-seven cents, will yuh? I don't wanna break a dollar.



"Prycillia, what does B. C.—A. D. mean?"

"Be careful—After dark."

POETRY

By GILBERT LEE



Thanks to Mr. Burbank's

A Yiddish Rabbi and a Catholic Priest were discussing their religions as vantages and the disadvantages of their beliefs when the rabbi asked the priest how high they could rise in their profession.

The priest enumerated the positions from priest to pope.

"Is that as high as you can go?" the priest was asked.

"What do you expect? Do you expect us to be Jesus Christ?" the priest returned with exasperation.

"Well," replied the rabbi with a soft smile, "one of our boys made the grade."

The Old Line wishes to offer its humblest apologies to the following lodges whose names were omitted from the pages of the last issue of the publication.



Phi Sigma Kappa is willing to explain their easy payment plan to the lads who failed to get bids to their portals.



Delta Sig will gladly pledge all young sport heroes who were left out when bids were given. No extra charge for late pledging.



The Tower's Club would like to have all those who want bids. Deferred payments arranged gladly.

Stricken with grief is the Old Line Staff,
For gone from the wall is each censored laff.

Stolen away when the door was unlocked

By someone whose modesty was sorely shocked.

The R. O. T. C. did not please
Mister Coale and Student Lees.

Big fat men with a dollar cigar
Are seldom loved for what they are.

Late to bed and early to rise
Gives newspaper men bleary eyes.

To the Varsity Grill we sing our song;
The place where the customer's always wrong.

But ten fingers has Vice-President Byrd
Yet this statement is commonly heard:
Much we imagine to his surprise,
That he has those fingers in seventeen pies.

Those girls give rise to my ambition
Who like to walk during intermission.



Wonderful Discovery



"Oh, My Gawd," murmured the son
of India, as he knelt before his Budda.



WARNING

Mary had a little lamb,
A keg of beer, and ale,
Ice cream—a dozen crabs:
Her escort did turn pale.

It made the other co-eds grin
As Billy squirmed about;
But, Boy oh Boy, how Billy laughed
When they carried Mary out.

Father: "So you interviewed her
father last night, eh? Did you make him
toe the mark?"

Son: "Yes, Dad. I was the mark."



Then there was the mug who wanted
to know just who this chink HU ME
was.
—Notre Dame Juggler.



Artist: "May I paint you in the
nude?"

Model: "Gracious no! I expect you
to wear something."
—Rice Owl.



Hi

R. Shulman

It Now Comes Bottled

SWEET SPRING

What is this thing, comes with the Spring,
That makes me feel so bad?
Why don't I sing, of—oh, anything—
Why am I now so sad?

When Winter's here, cold days and drear
I'm happy then, and gay;
But Spring, though dear to me, I fear
Drives all my friends away.

My girl seems shy—when I draw nigh,
She torments my poor soul;
Her nose held high, I know not why,
Can love be turning cold?

I beg, I plead, for her to heed
And explain me this condition.
When I eat, all friends I meet
Are bent on some grave mission.

'My love! My lark! Please do remark,
I'm sore as my pet bunion."
And now, hark—the secret dark,
It's those d——n Spring onions.

—H. H. R.



Levinson

"Haven't I 'Seine' You Somewhere Before?"

"Jack, why are you so sleepy?"
"This is exam week, you nit-wit. No classes."



"That's me all over," said the suicide as he hit the street after jumping out of the fiftieth story building."

Mountain for Sale—
F. O. B., Davis,
West Virginia.

It's the girls without principle who draw the interest. — Yellow Jacket.

Professor (to alumnus, with baby in his arms):
"Still cribbing, I see."
—Exchange.



HA

"Meet Puddington Tulip; we grew up together"



Doc: "This wine, women; and song racket is killing you."

Guy: "I'll never sing again as long as I live!"

—Voo Doo.

"He gives me
the shivers."

One day I went a girl to wed,
Her name, I think, was Violet.
And on her head there was a sign,
"Here's parking space to-let."
I fled.

PHILOSOPHIZING

Wistful eyes
And plaintive sighs
Make me sad.

Saucy smiles
Enticing wiles
Make me mad.

Poignant charms
And loving arms
Make me glad.

Pulsing lips
And slender hips
Make me bad!

—The Shine.

Add pitiful figures:

Former mattress tester
trying to sleep on a park
bench.

SPINACH

Spinach is a vegetable it is also hateful, vile, and smelly.

Normal beings do not naturally take to spinach, and can acquire a taste for it only after years of practice and suffering. A child that asks for spinach and cries for castoria should, with the greatest speed, be taken to the nearest psychopath for examination.

If we want to be healthy; if we want to have color in our cheeks, we must eat spinach. If little Billy wants to earn an extra quarter, or imitate Popeye, or beat the stuffins' out of Sammy Smith and, incidentally win Mary's heart and hand, he must eat spinach.

But, like most foods that are good for you, spinach is horribly distasteful. The dislike for this particular enemy of our palate is surpassed only by the intense disgust we have for the person at the dinner table who disregards all ugly looks and deliberately pipes up with "Please pass the spinach!"

HERBERT H. ROSENBAUM.



Littman



Caesar repeats his marvelous feat of dictating four letters at once

"I'm wondering—"

"About what?"

"About a fellow. He was in an accident, and his hands were badly cut up."

"Well, what are you wondering about?"

"I wonder how he feels."

—Jack-O-Lantern.



City Boarder: "Milking the cow?"

Hiram: "Naw, just feeling her pulse."

—Log.



A. O. Pi. "I'll have you know that I'm related to the Boones."

Kappa: "Now I remember, your grandmother's name was Bab."

—Exchange.



She: "Stop! Don't do that! Stop! Do you hear me? Stop!"

He: "What do you think you are doing, sending a telegram?"

—Exchange.



"Yessuh, Ah calls mah wife Eczema 'cause I got her in a rash moment."

—Arizona Kitty Kat.



She may have been dumb, but she was pretty. She sat up front so she could get good grades. When the Professor bawled her out, she smiled right back with both knees.

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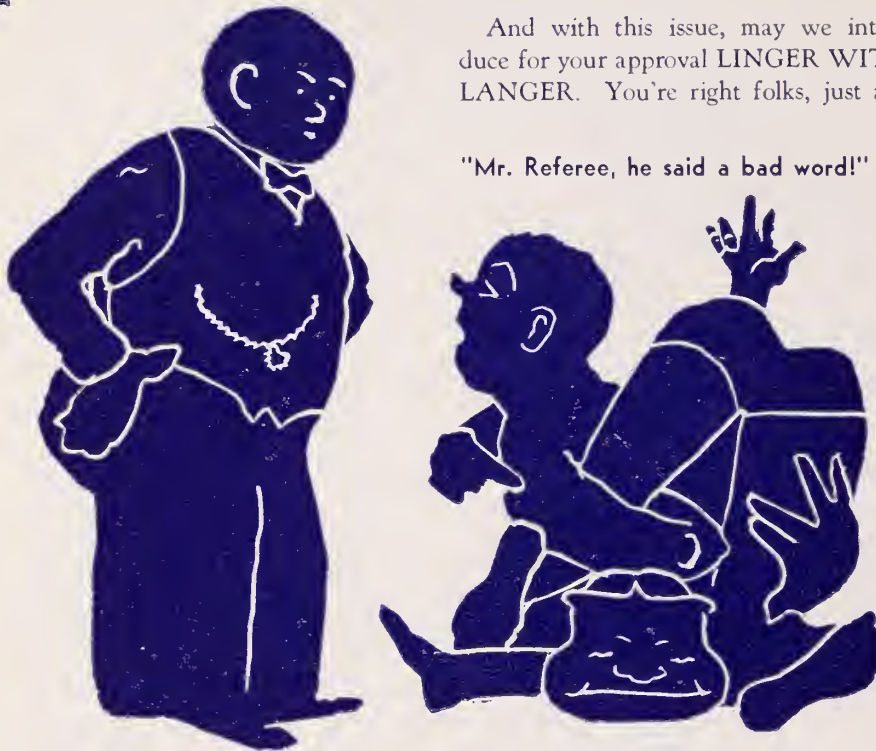
VARNISHES

WALLPAPER

LINGER

And with this issue, may we introduce for your approval LINGER WITH LINGER. You're right folks, just an-

"Mr. Referee, he said a bad word!"



Hi
H. Highams

other column; but oh, what a column! In this short space you will not only find "dirt as you like it" (apologies to our worthy colleague "The Turtle Shell"), but also the inside dope that you will not find in the other smudge columns. The author does not profess to be a humorist, he is just a "servant of the people". (Could I run for president on that last quotation? Surely it is as impressive as many other campaign promises.) And with such an introduction, we turn to the facts.

Now pull up your chairs, as this is most important. Yes, we have the dirt on old Bill "Winchell" Needham himself. Ah! I knew that would draw your attention. It seems that on one fine summer day Brother Needham lost his Phi Sig pin, but on that very day he had a date with a certain colonel's daughter. Now we can easily see why Willy has had no campus dates; she certainly has him in the palm of her hand. We surely admire your choice for Regimental Staff Sponsor and hope she may be your sponsor for many other things. Good luck to you, Billy, and any time you are ready to buy another pin, may we recommend the Black and Gold Shop.



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WITH

LANGER

So you think that Georgie (Library) Fogg is a back number and a wall-flower? If you could see the way he and Miss Hartmann of Home Economics fame get along, you'd certainly change your mind. They surely make a fine couple together.

So Jack Riley does not wish to pick a sponsor or have dates for dances. Surely, Jack, it can't be that you don't know any girls, or have you forgotten Miss Theresa Horner, the school teacher from the Eastern Shore?

And then there is the story about the freshman boy the Kappa Delta's found wandering on the second floor of their house. When they inquired about his presence there, he replied that some student told him this was Dean Taliaferro's office.

And so wondering just how much Bruckner's sister's wearing a "Maltese Cross" when he pledged ATO, and then changing to a Sigma Nu pin had to do with the recent Interfrat Squabble, to print our adios till next issue.—Abysinia.



H:
L.L.



Momentous Moments

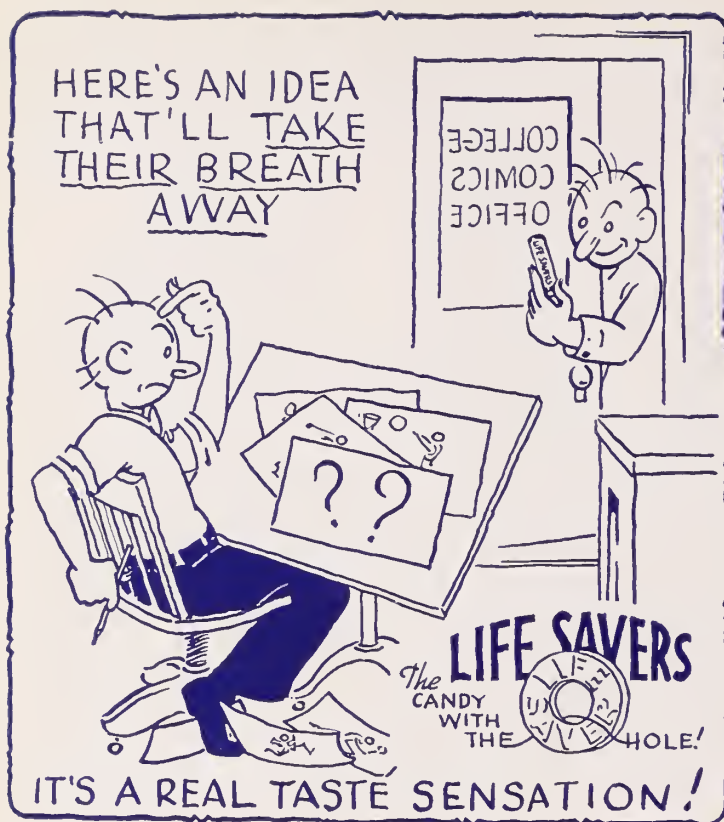
Many of them, romantic . . . significant, some of them . . . and not soon forgotten . . . these outstanding moments that come into our lives. It is interesting and true that often the fragrance that envelopes them is subtly mingled with the sweetness of

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First Kappa: "But why is Peggy so popular."

Second Kappa: "Why, it's the stream lines, my lass."

First Kappa: "Yes, but—"

Second Kappa: "Stream lines cut down resistance!"—
—Exchange.



"They're keeping their engagement a secret, aren't they?"

"Well, that is what they're telling everybody."

—Exchange.



"Smile that way again."

She blushed and dimpled.

"Just like I thought—you look like a chipmunk."



Perfect Hostess: "Tell me, my dear, how do you manage to get your maid up so early in the morning?"

"It was rather clever of me; I introduced her to the milkman."



"Do you know how to tell a professor from a student?"

"Oh, all right, have it your own way and tell it."

"Ask him what 'it' is, and if he says it's a pronoun, he's a professor."

—Widow.

A boy was walking down the street wheeling two bicycles, when he met a pal.

"Where'd you get the two bikes?" asked a pal.

"My girl and I were out for a ride," said the boy. "And we stopped under a tree to rest. After awhile I kissed her. 'That's nice,' she said. Then I put my arm around her waist and asked her how that was. She said it was great. So then I kissed her on the cheek and squeezed her, and she said: 'Oh, boy, you can have anything I got.' So I took her bicycle."

—Caveman.



"Who yuh shovin'?"

"Dunno, whatcher name?"

—Log.



Father: "So you interviewed her father last night, ch? Did you make him toe the mark?"

Son: "Yes, Dad. I was the mark."

—Exchange.



He: "I just learned a new dance step. Are your folks at home?"

She: "No, why?"

He: "Come on, I'll show it to you."—Record.



Levinson

"Don't sell this old homestead, father . . ."

"I said some very foolish things last night to my boy
"Yes?"
friend."

"That was one of them." —Rice Owl.

Is that Rudy Vallee or do we need a new needle?
—Lampoon.

Schoolmaster: "This makes the fifth time this week that
I have had to punish you this week. What have you to say
for yourself."

Pupil: "I'm glad it's Friday." —Exchange.

Magistrate: "Who was driving when
you collided with that car?"

Drunk: "None of us; we were all in
the back seat." —Log.

A hick town is one where there is
no place to go where you shouldn't.
—Judge. —

Timid Freshman: "Actions speak louder than words don't
you think?"

She (growing impatient): "Well, why don't you make
some noise?" —Beanpot.

—Beanpot.



... "Burn the old thing down"

"Say It With Shaffer's Flowers"

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Jack and his date start north at the rate of 40 miles an
hour. Bill and his date start east at the rate of 15 miles an
hour and stop 45 minutes on a side road. Both couples are
gone two and one-half hours, yet Bill gets further than Jack!

—Exchange.

The House and Senate should put on a Charity game for
the taxpayers.

—Annapolis Log.

"Is that a real bloodhound, Mr. Hunter?"

"A real bloodhound? I'll say. Here, Rover; bleed for the
lady."

Battahon

Why do you speak of your husband
as a theory?

Because he so seldom works.

—Washington Columns.

Your teeth are like the stars," he said.

And pressed her hand so white.

He spoke the truth for, like the stars,

Her teeth came out at night.

George: "I'd ask you for the next dance, Gladys, but all
the cars are occupied."

—Puppet.

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New Definition—A monologue is a conversation with the professor whose course you are flunking. —Siren.



He: "Your gown is certainly gorgeous."

She: "It doesn't take much to please you." —Jack-o-Lantern.



Boy! Could he play the harp—he was a wow! Packed houses greeted every performance. God heard about him, and after a conference, offered him a scholarship to heaven.



Dumb: "What three parts is woman kind divided into?"

Dumber (or smarter): "The intelligent, the beautiful, and the majority." —Judge.

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Dinner two-bits

Soup extra

She calls him pilgrim—everytime he calls he makes a little progress.

—Purple Parrot.



I recently got twenty dollars for a collection of poems.

Yeah, from who?

The Express Company—they lost them.

—Punch Bowl.



Did you vote for the honor system? You bet I did, four times.—Puppet.



Chemistry Prof.: "What is the most outstanding contribution that chemistry has given the world?"

Frosh: "Blondes!"—Cougar's Paw.



They call 'em the Dandelion Sisters—
 They grow wild in the park.

—Sour Owl.

"Hey!" cried Satan to the new arrival, "you act as if you owned this dump."

"I do. My wife gave it to me."
—*Boston Transcript.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Twilp: "I drank milk for nearly a year."

Twelp: "Why?"

Twilp: "I can't remember much about it now. I was only a year old when I stopped."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

◆

Cutie: "How'd you like a hot date with a cute lil' devil, big boy?"

Collegian: "Swell, babe."

Cutie: "All right, big boy, go to hell."

—*Exchange.*

Dear Son:—

Please join a fraternity soon, as I cannot afford to keep you in clothes much longer.
Your Dad.

—*Rice Owl.*

College Guy: "I was out with a nurse last night."

Coed: "Cheer up. Maybe your mother will let you go out without one sometime."

—*Owl.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Eugene Clark: "I dreamed last night that I was in heaven."

Joe S.: "Did you see me there?"

Eugene C.: "I did. Then I knew I was dreaming."

—*Exchange.*

◆

Okeh: "Why don't you like girls?"

Kayo: "They're too biased."

Okeh: "Biased?"

Kayo: "Yes, bias this and bias that—until I'm busted."

—*Owl.*

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Made FRESH—Kept FRESH

THE

OLD LINE

April 1, 1933



Cover by
Leonard Levinson

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A confession by

RALPH WILLIAMS

President, Student Government Association

"WHY I DISLIKE PUBLICITY"

by

President RAYMOND A. PEARSON

"I'M REALLY A NICE OLD CODGER AT HEART"

A heart throb story of himself by

DEAN TOLLEY

And again we may not

Editorial

Meaningless offices of unwarranted existence flourish on this campus. Conceived and brought into being many years before the changing times had wrought the student governmental system of today, these class offices are hopeless nonentities . . . wasted titles.

Currently, each of the four classes, freshman, sophomore, junior and senior, are glorified by a complete set of officers, all but two of which each single class would well do without. In other words, with the exception of the president and secretary of each class, there is no earthly reason for class officers.

Naturally, each class must have a nominal and capable leader, empowered to administer the affairs of the group he heads and to represent it when and wherever necessary. This the president does.

Concerning the vice-president of a class, little can be said. There is no apparent excuse for the existence of this title. To say that there must be an official ready to serve in the absence of the president is idle twaddle. There is scarcely enough business connected with presiding a class to make up an entire day's work.

Obviously, for the sake of historical and immediate record, there must be a secretary. This office has foundation. Secretarial and historical data must be maintained.

Duties for a class treasurer passed out of existence long ago. There are no longer any dues to collect. There are no funds which a class treasurer must take charge of. There is no financial situation to cope with. At present, the sole function of this title is in the signing of official Student Government checks and orders where the particular class is concerned. Actually, there is no reason for this signature and no practical purpose is served. The president is well able to perform this summary function alone. After all, faculty regulation of student finances is so exacting that there is no remote possibility for mishandling of funds.

Moreover, each class is bedecked with two beautiful and democratic titles of "Representative to the Executive Council." One of these glorified titles is taken by a man to "represent" the men of the class, while the other is gaudily ceded to a woman in order that the women of the class shall be "represented." "Represented" for what? The class president is a member of the Executive Council. Certainly he can "represent" the class wherever there is a need! Or is this task such an arduous one? The OLD LINE believes it nothing short of idle folly to suppose that there is adequate cause of such extensive and important nature that special "representatives" are necessary.

The deletion of the eight "Representatives to the Executive Council" would make that body more responsible and efficient. It would bring an end to disinterested membership and "observing" delegates. Class presidents and Student Government officers are surely capable of taking care of whatever business is at hand. Moreover, representation of the "rank and file" of the student body is adequately handled in the Student Congress. Why overload the Executive Council?

The OLD LINE calls for the abolishment of these meaningless titles. Vice-President, Treasurer, Representative to the Executive Council . . . what value? Answer: None!

All froth and no beer!

—The Editors.

The Old Line

VOL. 3 APRIL 1, 1933 NO. 3

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"You needn't wait up, young man, we'll be in rather late."

Courtesy Black and Blue Jay

BRENT HALL SKENDAL

Hostess of the Chateau Corse: "Back when I was your age, young lady, a nice girl would never think of holding a man's hand."

Inhabitant of Same Hovel: "But, Miss Corse, nowadays a nice girl has to hold a man's hand."

Lawyer: "What time did the robbery occur?"

Witness: "I think . . ."

Lawyer: "We don't want to know what you think; we want to know what you know."

Witness (quietly): "I guess I'd better not testify, then. I can't talk without thinking. I'm no lawyer."

Sonnett XLVOKMNXVLIUOX

Dedicated with all our respect to

DR. SUSIE HARMON

Whose course of study in poetry was
this masterpiece's inspiration

by

Bert Cannon and Jack MacDonald

There's a kiss divine
As the sun is warm
Of sweethearts in devotion
Of the smiles that fill
Of the love that fills
Indifference and emotion
But the love supreme
Of which we dream
With hearts all kind with splendor,
In the most of joy
Two souls are one
Greater than the soul of another
That unbreakable love reliable
Of our best ever had another!"

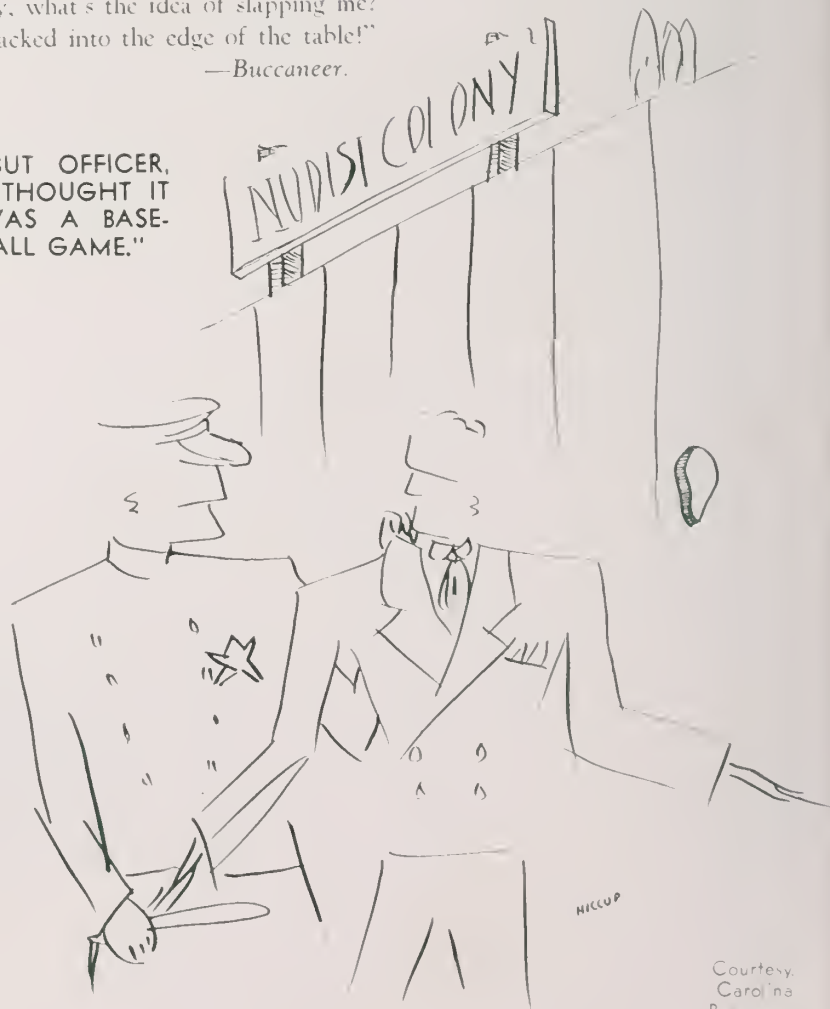
Tolson: "Gentle, the word register is up to you."

Gentle: "Registration is all, but he got the box, right?"

"Say, what's the idea of slapping me?
You backed into the edge of the table!"

—Buccaneer.

"BUT OFFICER,
I THOUGHT IT
WAS A BASE-
BALL GAME."



Courtesy,
Carolina
Buccaneer



Courtesy, The Notre Dame Laggard

"I'm goina quit, George! They put me on the night shift!"

THE BOID BATH

The auditorium was crowded and in spite of the large gathering unusual quiet prevailed. "... and ladies and gentlemen," said Maryland's Marathon Toastmaster, "I present Mr. Curly Byrd. . ."

"The Sun is urging that we come clean and take a bath—a 'sunbath', one might say, and I am about to tell you how it can be done. Now it isn't going to be a 'Byrd bath', not at all—but I promise you when you return next fall, Maryland's long-sought and looked-for swimming pool will be a reality."

As Joe Fish wended his way homeward there appeared before him a picture of that cool glistening pool—seven lanes across with an eighty-foot depth. Already he could feel the spring of the board and hear the resulting splash as his perfect jackknife dive came to an end.

Sure enough he was splashing water, darn—there he swallowed some—a commotion.

Hold everything, friends—sorry to fool you, but you know this is an April Fool Issue. 'Twas only a dream, Joe had fallen asleep in the bathtub.

—Dick Baldwin.

Flying Instructor: "You try to be the pilot for awhile."

Student: "O. K. Where'll I pile it?"

Wampus

★ ★ ★

Teal (of course): "What time is it when a Chinaman visits the dentist?"

Editor: "You again!"

Teal: "Yes—what time is it?"

Editor: "All right, out with it!"

Teal: "2:30 (Tooth Hurts)."

★ ★ ★

"We had our fraternity house cleaned from top to bottom last week."

"Yeah?"

"And found the three members who were missing since last Homecoming."

—Black and Blue 2-10

THOMAS



"Homer"

Hi

... BETA BETA BETA

Beta Beta Beta, the honorary fishing fraternity, has announced the pledging of prominent members of the administration and faculty. This honor is given in recognition of the following public statements credited to them.

PRESIDENT PEARSON

The President of the University of Maryland has just issued a proclamation giving all the students a month's vacation. Dr. Pearson, in his message, stated that the students were working so hard and so diligently that in a few months they would know more than the faculty.

CURLEY (H. C.) BYRD

"You may quote me as being in hearty accord with the Sun papers in their every policy. Their remarks relative to my own

Beta

Beta

And if the printer had had another curly B, there'd be a Beta here, too.



Wells

President "Ray Alley"

position are most enlightening. We appreciate the interest of the Sun papers in our work and will reorganize our entire system to adopt their suggestions."

, DEAN "TOLLEY"

Dean Taliaferro has announced the following changes in the College of Arts and Sciences. There will be no more probation, and students shall take only six hours, two of which must be passed.

DR. HOUSE

"I have issued orders that because of the high standing of the three publications and my unbounded admiration for editors and staff members that they be given straight "A's" in all English courses."

MAJOR GILLEM

In a recent speech before the National Pacifist Society, Major Gillem is credited with making the following statement:

"I have striven to the utmost of my ability against compulsory military training and I feel and hope that the Lees-Coale case will come to a successful conclusion and will be among the first steps to the elimination of the army and navy and rifle teams in this country."

BILL H. (WILLIAM) HOTTEL

"The OLD LINE is getting entirely too saintly. What do the editors think I am, a sissy? I have pleaded with them to submit some jokes that are at least on the margin line, but they steadfastly refuse. I am getting tired of reading the Sunday School stuff they are turning in."



"Tolley"

Hi

authorization of General Service. General Service asked him to see Miss Chestnut. Miss Chestnut told him to get a request from the faculty member in charge. After finding out from the stage manager just who the faculty member was, he went to see the gentleman. The Gentleman was in class, so he waited. The Faculty advisor readily gave him permission to borrow anything that they needed. After the reverse of this procedure was performed, the young aspirant returned, the picture of Determination surmounting Difficulty, to find the stage empty and the crew gone.

THREE LINES

The hardest part about laying out a magazine is writing three lines like these to fill a space like this.

The

New

Line



■ We had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes my companion breathed heavily and seemed too exhausted to speak, while I reflected on what a tremendous shock it had been for me, visiting my school chum of not a very many years before, to find him a tottering, trembling old man. His former thick black hair was now thin and white, and his voice quavered as he spoke. The effect upon me of this awful change had been much as if I had looked into a mirror and seen my own face reflected as a gaping skull.

At length my friend spoke, "I have brought you here so that you might have a view of the scene of the terrible story concerning the change you see in me. Over there," he said, pointing, "is Cadwallader Castle. Do you see it?"

I looked across the valley from which we had started our ascent. The day was cool and the sky overcast; and from the bleak, rocky observation point we had gained the vision was none too good, especially as the sharp wind brought water to my eyes when I tried to peer into the hazy distance. Only with great difficulty could I see the gray rocks of Cadwallader Castle piled high upon the side of a thickly forested mountain, which rose behind two hills opposite us. Probably because of its isolated location, I was impressed that the Castle appeared a likely scene for almost any sinister happening, and waited for the story.

"I have ceased expecting to be believed," began my friend, wearily, "but I state as a fact that in a few minutes this feeble body of mine was changed from the robust fellow you once knew. In a matter of minutes, friend, my black hair became thin and white, as you see it now, from an experience so horrifying that the mere relating of the facts is as painful as a demon's claw digging into my flesh.

"When we parted upon the cessation of our days at Oxford, I came to live in this little village. For several years I enjoyed the peaceful pursuit of my work

"As my clothes
needed pressing,
he took them,
promising to re-
turn shortly."

LOY
LITTMAN

Cadwallader

"Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore'."

Edgar Allan Poe.

and came to avoid more and more the carefree, even riotous social life of the young inhabitants here. One of my acquaintances was a fellow by the name of Hans Martin, the most carefree of all—probably the result of his education in an American university. He was a nephew of the eccentric old Cadwallader, who lived a secluded life up in the old Castle; but of all the villagers, none seemed to know, or care to know, less about the mysterious old man than Martin himself. He was busy dispersing the fortune left him by his parents.

"Then, one day the old man died, leaving Cadwallader Castle to his nearest relative, Hans Martin. A shockingly short time after the old man had been buried, Hans announced a house party to be held in the Castle. It was an almost sacrilegious idea. My first impulse was to decline the invitation I received, but the stress of a tiresome period of work combined with my curiosity to see the place, and I decided to attend.

"It took me fully half a day to reach the Castle; and when I arrived, rather late in the evening, the merrymaking was in progress. I needed recreation, but the disapproving spirit of the dead man

Please turn to Page 23



de Maupassant

Third Placing Story
in The Old Line Short-Story Contest

■ It was a small, bare room; somber despite its empty white walls. The tidy little lady, sitting very straight in her chair, facing the grim looking man across the desk seemed entirely out of place in it. On the reverse side of the glass door were the severely lettered words, *Coroner's Office*, and a half open side door revealed enough of a metal table with adjustment wheels and other paraphernalia for one to know it was a dissecting room. The scene was strange; the lady, pleasant and precise, in so terrifying a setting, uneasily answering questions put to her by the serious man opposite. The inquest, however, would not be complete without her testimony; her testimony should prove most valuable of all in solving this strange crime.

Yes. She had been in the countess' employ for five years. Her secretarial duties had been many. The countess was very active, socially.

"Miss Grant, were there any other domestic troubles before this occurrence two nights ago?" asked the coroner.

"Yes, sir," the lady replied, "the count was frightfully jealous, and he often allowed his imagination to get the better of his common sense. He accused his wife of three other affairs with men I am sure she hardly knew."

"And how long had she known Walters?"

"At least before she married."

"Mr. Walters had just returned from the Orient, hadn't he?"

"Yes, sir, he went abroad just after the countess was married." The social secretary paused as though wondering whether to continue.

"About a month ago," she began—the coroner nodded—"the apartment was re-decorated and the vestibule remodeled into a small reading room. The motif was red and silver, and I remember that even a red and silver bound book was bought for the table. It was a collection of French tales."

"A French book?" the public officer interrupted. "Did this have any bearing on the case?"

"Well, not directly, but one of the stories was about a madly jealous count, who suspected his wife of infidelity and surprised her lover hiding in her boudoir closet. He told his wife he believed her when she denied that there was anyone else in the room, but he ordered the closet plastered over. The man inside died a horrible death."

"Oh, I see," exclaimed the coroner. "You figure that this story might have inspired the events that followed. Probably the count read the tale. Not very important, of course, as far as the official report is concerned. Interesting, though. Go on, please."

"When Mr. Walters returned the other day, he called and invited the count and countess to the opera. The count refused coldly. He and Madam had words about it that night and he told her never to see Mr. Walters again. The next day, the count announced that he was going to New York on business for several days."

"Then, as you know, the countess accepted Mr. Walters' invitation. They went out and returned rather early. I was writing in the next room and I could hear the countess call Mr. Walters into the boudoir to show him something. Just then the hall door clicked and the count walked in. I heard the countess' whisper, 'Hide in the closet'."

Miss Grant sadly shook her head to emphasize the words. "I knew there would be trouble. The count was half drunk and very angry. I jumped up and tried to detain him with conversation, but he opened the boudoir door and went right in."

"They began arguing and he shouted, 'There's someone else in this room—in that closet'. Then I heard Madam

Please turn to Page 22

JACK
DUNCAN

Just then the
hall door clicked.
"Hide in the
closet," she
whispered.





Here's our dedication to All-America:
Helen Klingsohr's eyes . . . Bert Cannon's nose . . . Lucille Hancock's lips . . .
Mary Beitler's hair . . . Mary Grime's silhouette . . . Wilma Dahn's smile . . .
Fay Reuling's dress designs . . . and
Gretchen Van Slyke's personality

Keyhole miniatures:
Flo Small called "lucky girl" . . . Mary Joe Claflin in sub-Erbe(n) dates . . .
Warren Tydings following the Democratic landslide by blind-dating . . . Our old friend, Dottie B., being voted the best constructed at the Acacia . . . Nancy Norment Wise(ing) up on Sheats . . .
Two Delta Sigs Burlesque Dating . . . Mary Beitler and "Ohs" at basketball games . . . Polly Ensor being voted the Campus's "most devotedest" . . . Bozie Berger's trip to New Orleans to join his club, meaning no more Horse(y)play
Anne DeB. Beach's saying that

Roses are simply tu-lips to her . . . local profs flunking a co-ed so he could have her with him again, only to have her enroll in another college . . . Benner calling K. D. in a Huff at two thirty a. m. . . Charley Berry's three straight dates at "twenty grand" . . . Naughton's philosophy that life is just one damn thing after another being returned by his date in that love is just two damn things after each other . . . Whitey Hauver watching the military ball through the Dahn of a parked automobile . . . Hood College's subtle invitation to raving columnists . . . "prisoners of love," wandering around the streets of Philly at six am . . . Bob King's white mice (painted rats, innoculated, at that) . . . four half wits singing a duet in the M. C. A. at four am . . .

Secretary Notes: D'ja know that Theta Chi Drennan got lost in the recent fox-hunt . . . as did a co-ed . . . he found the co-ed . . . they did not find the others . . . they did find the campus, and later, that girl was no longer a co-ed . . . That tea party of John Dean's and Dutch Havolic's at a Washington hotel

recently wasn't with Englishmen as you thought they don't drink tea till seven am . . .

By the way, there weren't eighteen Kappas at that Gayety theatre inspiration party the other eve, one of them went to the Howard. Did you say the Delta Xi's were contemplating attending en masse or in mask? The Iron Duchess hinting to unromantic Phi Delters saying: "'tis okay if you mean to kiss that away, but if you don't, shut your mouth."

Seems that Wilma Dahn had a date with a star basketballer from a nearby college one eve and the boy rode home in an ambulance. (Ship's little helper). Maryland won from that college the next night. And incidently, or perhaps not incidently, she no longer wears that key from the Sho'. I looked up "Beta" in a French dictionary. It means "Dunce." (Phi B K or B B B note.) Linn MacIntyre is the one who sent Bucky Buscher those orchids.

"So you are a mucker?" "Well, aren't we all?"

DONALD

THE PESSIMIST

Whether you work for money, or work for love,
Believe in nothing, or in God above;
Whether you've hated and lost, or loved and won;
Betrayed a soul, or saved someone;
If you aim for depths, or for the sky
It's all the same when you have to die.

If you're rich as Croesus, poor as a mouse;
Possess countless millions, or just a farm house;
Whether you live to eat, or eat to live:

Are hard and cruel, or ready to forgive;
Whether you're bought and paid for, or free as a fly,
It's all the same when you have to die.

Whether your clothes are silk, or rayon mixed;
If you arise at noon, or get up at six;
Whether days are spent in leisure or toil;
Lounging in lobbies, or cramming by oil,
Whether hours drag, or days fly by —
It's all the same when you have to die.

DISAPPOINTMENT

The stars were bright,
The moon was still;
The moon was high
On yonder hill
Her voice gave me
A curious thrill
As she said
"You're backward, Bill"

Her body was
So close to mine;
A more ideal place
None could find.
Then the thought
Came to my mind
To waste this chance
Would be a crime

Had but I more
Of that romantic nerve,
That comes to those
Whom Dan Cupid serve,
All would be well,
But her scorn I deserve,
Her lips were so near
And I hadn't the nerve

Hi's mag,
OLD LINE
Glad it's
Not mine.

—C. J.



MURDER ON THE HIGH C'S!

Courtesy, Sunday Red Cat

I yearn
I seek
I learn
I weep
I choose
I sin
I lose
I win

Bright moon
Sleepy chickens
Dark man
Easy pickin's.
Drunken driver
Traffic maze.
Crumpled fender
"Thirty days"

F

PROVERBS A LA COLLEGE

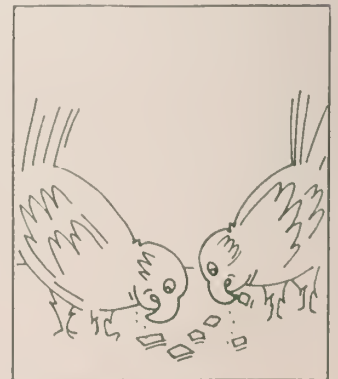
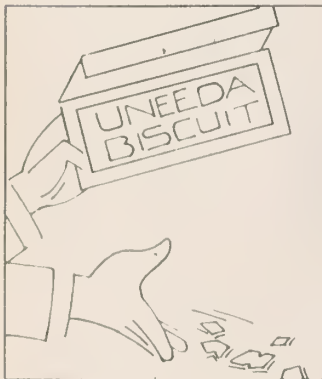
"Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."
God help you when you love and win,
For then you're gone beyond recall

"You can lead a horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink."
Don't send your child to college
If you want to have him think.

The elephant never forgets, they say,
Like the lion, or dog, or horse.
This may be so, but I'll bet odds
He never took a college course

A final proverb, that for exams
Will fit the students to a letter
"A little bull is very good,
But a handy pony is much better."

—G. L



Courtesy, Sunday Red Cat

READ

The Dime-back

AND MISS
THE NEWS

ON THE LARGE COPY

VOLUME, NOT MUCH

COLLEGE PARK, MD., APRIL 1, 1933

NUMBER, PLEASE

MORAL HALL GOES TO BLAZES S. G. A. TO DISSOLVE BY JUMPING IN LAKE

MOTION IS PASSED BY 320-319 VOTE

FULL MEMBERSHIP OF 58 IS PRESENT AT HECTIC SESSION

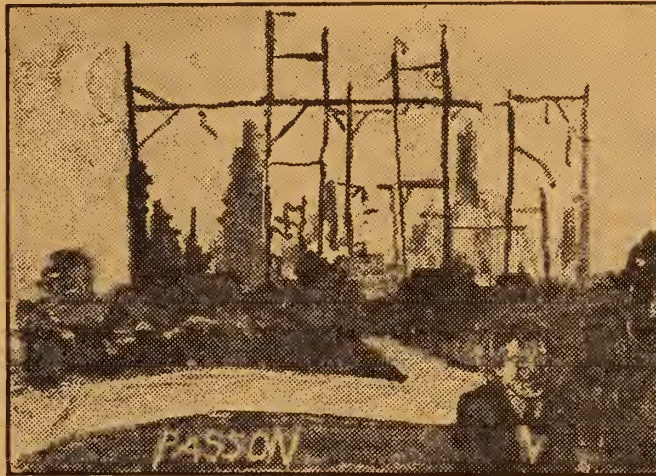
Body Will Dissolve in Paint Branch in Spite of Insolvency

In a fiery and hectic session held in the basement of Moral Hall last night, Maryland's Student Government Association voted to dissolve itself by jumping in a lake. This measure was passed by only a slim margin, and was the subject of a sizzling five-hour debate. It is not known just yet when the dissolution will take place, but campus sentiment leans strongly toward an immediate splash, or even sooner.

Debate on the question began when the governing body became deadlocked over the proposal to give over the stadium to the Dairy for use as a pasture. Finally, when it was seen that no action could be taken, an unidentified but very disgusted legislator arose and drawled, "I move that the entire Congress jump, fall, dive, or otherwise precipitate itself into the most convenient and accessible lake, pond, or other body of water of sufficient capacity to engulf it." Then, having said his say for dear old Maryland, he sat down among wild and enthusiastic jeers, cheers and fervent amens.

The objection was raised that the S. G. A. could not dissolve itself in any body of water, as it is insolvent. This objection proved a stumbling-block for a while, but finally fell before the determined hammering of the Left-wing faction, led by Hugo Zilch. But the Right-wingers, not to be so easily outdone, protested that the motion under discussion was not in order, as there was no such body of water convenient. Suggesting the damming up of Paint Branch, those favoring the motion thought victory within their grasp

YOU FIND THE REST



Dime-back Staff Photo, taken at the height of the spectacular Moral Hall blaze last night. The Administration may be seen in the lower left-hand corner softly weeping.

COOPERATIVE OFFICE-SELLING DEEMED FLOP

Still undecided as to a feasible plan for cooperative office-selling for Greeks, the Interfraternity Council speedily adjourned last Saturday night after a lackadaisical five-minute session, in which all phases of the question were taken up except the cooperative part.

Each fraternity holds that it is not getting its share of the cut. It was also revealed that the market for the offices was declining, which may be due to the depression but more likely to the fact that all of the officers for this year have already been elected.

YOU FIND THE REST

ALPHA SIGMA SIGMA HOLDS ANNUAL FEED

Dr. T. W. Tellyafarrio was the principal speaker at the annual feed and bull-session of Alpha Sigma Sigma, National Honorary Probation Fraternity, which was staged last night at the Barbecue. A very coarse dinner preceded the speaker, each course consisting of cold hamburger, with a chocolate bar for dessert.

As a consequence of the slight error in getting his spoons mixed, the genial dean gave the next Freshman Lecture instead of his intended remarks, but his audience smoothed it over, paying respectful attention,

YOU FIND THE REST

A MESS FROM THE PREXY

We all know what a fine organization the Boy Scouts are. How many of you have heard of their motto, "Be Prepared"? It is good to be prepared. The other day I was downtown and I met a man I had not seen for twenty years. He rushed up to me, shook my hand, and looked me squarely in the eye. His firm grasp told me that he was a friend, and friendship is a wonderful thing. We should all have friends. Take stock of your acquaintances and see just which ones of them you could go up to

and say, "Brother, can you spare a dime?" just like that. Not many, I'll venture. Once out on the broad ocean two ships met, exchanged signals, and passed on in opposite directions. We should all try to develop such qualities of leadership and service.

Once I saw a man beating a horse. I went up to him and said, "Mister, think of your wife and children." He said, "Phhtt," just like that. That's what I'm trying to illustrate. Yes, preparedness is a splendid thing.

ANCIENT HEIRLOOM GOES UP IN SMOKE

DEMISE MEETS CHEERFUL APPROBATION OF GLAD "MORALITIES"

Administration Is Mournful At Bereavement

Licked by hungry flames which crackled on the midnight air, Maryland's immortal Moral Hall, endearingly known to all Old Liners as "The Shanty", passed on to a sweet and well earned oblivion last night as it burned from the top of its shadowy tower to the dungeony recesses of its ghostly cellar. No shrieking sirens marked its going, no clanging bells tolled its passing; it went silently, nobly, with a hushed dignity befitting its superannuated superfluity. Moral Hall is no more.

The conflagration, which broke out sometime past midnight, was of undetermined origin, and when discovered had gained too much ground to admit of being extinguished, it being found that none of the onlooking students had any such idea in mind anyhow. The insatiable flames licked on until, with muffled booms, the aged walls crumbled, leaving angry embers to smolder ominously into the compassing blackness. Daylight revealed only smoking ruins in which lay a few somber skeletons—relics of somber courses—and one or two blackened but still readable signs bearing the pathetic legend: "Notice. Box Containing Fire Ladder Is Located Here". That was all—no box, no fire ladder.

A statement issued this morning by Vice-president H. C. "Burly" Kird read as follows: "The Administration keenly feels the loss of Moral Hall, as it housed the entire educational facilities of the University, and, besides the Rossbourg Inn, was the only structure on the campus which has as yet been paid for. As the Old Library is the only building which at this time can be spared for educational purposes, classes will resume in that building as soon as the workmen can com-

YOU FIND THE REST

THE DIME-BACK

Published weakly to the great dismay and alarm of the University Administration.

We disclaim all responsibility for EVERYTHING which appears in these columns.

Sent as very low class mail.

Editor-in-Brief

Twerpert Q. Allisonagel

Menagerie Editor.....Twerp Allison
Sports Ed....."The Twerp,"
alias Allison

Erstwhile Staff.....H. M. Allison,
H. Allison, Herb M. Allison,
the Same, More of the Same

Office Manager.....Defunct
1st Assistant Office Manager...Moreso
2nd Assistant Office Manager,
Very Defunct

Phone.....Out of Order

OUR UNCONSCIOUS OBJECTORS

NO!

With this emphatic negative, two Maryland coeds throw off the yoke of authority, the honorable and venerable mask of tradition, or something, and flatly and unpatriotically refuse to participate in Maryland Womanhood's Great Show of Splendor, the May Day Festival!

Aghast with consternation and alarm, we find difficulty in comprehending such base ingratitude, such unprecedented and unwarranted action by two hitherto normal, respected young Maryland women. And the question is . . .

ARE WE GOING TO LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT?

The answer is . . .
NO!!

Generations of other Maryland women had to do it, didn't they? They had to go jumping around barefooted in somebody's old cow pasture, with a crowd of mean old boys jeering and taunting, didn't they? SURE THEY DID! WELL, THEN, WHO DO THESE GIRLS THINK THEY ARE, ANYHOW? Answer that, you old Baltimore Sun, you.

Furthermore, the grounds of a sudden awakening to consciousness and Epidermophytosis (athlete's foot), the bulwarks of the recalcitrant coeds' defense, strikes us as so much more TOMMYROT! Nobody else around here ever had an awakening of consciousness, did they? No. Moreover, such radical tendencies should be curbed. After all, this is a University, and what would happen if people went around having awakenings and things? WE ASK YOU,

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN? And as for the girls and their bare feet, they can look before they leap, can't they?

Shall we sit idly by while this great and glorious, noble and time-worthy institution is attacked? Shall we be robbed of this annual privilege of gazing on the scantily clad and unshod antics and airy graces of our buxom coeds?

The Greeks had a word for it. They said, NO, DAMMIT, NO!

ARE WE NOT MEN?

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE DIME-BACK

Inasmuch as the old Alma Mammy hasn't changed a bit in the last ten years, with many of the same students still enrolled, we see absolutely no reason why we should clutter up these pages with what was going on then. Who cares what happened ten years ago? We wouldn't, even if we could remember.

QUACKINGS THE DIRT'LL TELL

Written without the consent, knowledge, or permission of the copy-right owner, that quacking dirt-digger, Will'e Need'em

Dear Willie:

Guess you'll have to do a Winchell on the colyum this wk., and let your anonymous sec'y till the campus soil, since you didn't even know you were going to be proxied here and hadn't any choice in the matter.

When the cat's away the mice will play, y'know, so the local lads frolicked a bit in the staid old Dbk. office while you were off press-conventioning down where the sugarbabies raise cane, have hay rides, and Long for mammy, etc. They plastered the walls of said office with derogatory digs and puny puns anent the speed-gearred, efficient Office Mgr.—little wall mottoes of the "God Bless Our Home" variety. One of 'em Maid Marion mad, and no doubt would have aroused your lethargic ire could you have seen it. Ask Hi.

Maybe it's only a coincidence, but Ralph (Bronze Memorial) Williams has a namesake in Jacksonville, Fla., who is an undertaker by trade. Ralph is the pride of the corps(e) in these parts too, y'know. . . . If the Iron (Galvanized) Duchess got a permanent wave, would you call her corrugated? Egad! Pardon that one, but I still insist that her magnetic personality arises from her iron constitution.

CAMPUS BLEEDERS

Reversing our former practice, we are really going to give you the inside dope on the big moguls from now on. To start with, Ignatz Q. Fiddle-Faddle, today's mogul, actually paid ten dollars to get his mug and record slapped into this space. The dope—he should have shot himself and gotten a whole column on the front page for nothing. But to go on with the story, Ignatz came to the University of Maryland because his father couldn't stand him around the house. When he got here, the frats took one look at his car and began to pat him on the back. He, smart lad, raffled himself off to the highest bidder, and dragged his trunk into the Fie Fie Fie shack. Being inexperienced, he paid dearly for his freshman honors, but got off more lightly in his sophomore year. He got the presidency of the Junior class at a bargain—only \$200. By keen-witted dickering, he traded a keg of near beer for the managership of football, and is now carrying on secret negotiations for the presidency of the Senior Class. When Omigawd Dranka Kuppia held its famous touch-



Ignatz Q. Fiddle-Faddle

ing ceremony, Ignatz was touched for \$50. And last but not least, he wears the Beta Beta Beta Key because he's just that kind of a guy. And just think, all of this enviable record was piled up by sheer hard work—on the part of old man Fiddle-Faddle.

CONTEMPTIBLE COMMENT By TWERP ALLISON

Podunk College has just gotten to the end of its financial rope. The clamors of creditors, the rebounding of checks, etc., have forced this great educational institution to lay off five of its best football stars because the gridmen refused to take any further cuts in salary.

Garvard University is considering going coeducational so that when the little Garvard boys want a date, they will have a wider field of femininity from which to choose than merely the home talent.

Svassar College is considering going coeducational so that when the little Svassar girls want a date they will have a wider field of manhood (?) from which to choose than merely the home talent in their college town.

Now why don't Garvard and Svassar get together and move to the same town and save all the trouble? Svassar dere Garvard?

The University of Squeedunk is announcing an innovation in college circles. Next June, instead of a graduation, they are going to stage a mammoth bankruptcy sale, wherein all students, and other interested parties, may purchase diplomas outright for \$100. This plan will save the university the trouble of maintaining buildings and professors, and the students all the bother of going to school. If the sale goes over with a bang it will be held every year thereafter.

Among the new regulations now in effect at Sweetandpure Seminary are bans on cars with rumble seats, the carrying of matches by the young ladies, MEN, and spooning. The girls will still be required to attend classes with chaperones, and the reading of such magazines as the OLD LINE is prohibited.

After painstaking research, I find that your past, Willie, is most unsatisfactory. Excavations galore yielded not an ounce of dirt—not a tinge of purple. But hold! Picture my consternation when I discovered that you, of all people, until nigh unto the time of your maturity attended a Sunday school! S'help me! and two witnesses to prove it. But don't let them kid you, Saint, 'specially these birds like "Steve Potter" and his Lady of Kenyon Lane quips. She's a nice girl, but take a tip from me, and beware of a dark gentleman, of jealous disposition, and with a propensity for fisticuffs, who also is an admirer. Heh, heh! However, don't let that Burr'n you up, cause where there's a Bill, there's a way.



Teal says that A-NEE DAM editor is better than the one we have.



Well, Willie, the more of this drivel I try to write, the more I marvel at your past mastery of the gentle art of dirt-digging, and so with relief I relinquish the shovel to your practiced grip, and hope to—

Always remain,
"Your anonymous secretary."

Maryland Quint Victorious Over Hopkins

JOHNNIES DRUBBED BY TERP CHESSMEN

Smoky Melee Scruppily Fought; Title Won by 3-2 Score

In the most brilliant and breath-taking play of a sensational season, Maryland's flashy chess team scored a smashing victory last night over the highly touted Hopkins aggregation before a mammoth crowd of 15, thus clinching the Southern Conference Chess Title for 1933. The battle, which was waged on the front steps of the Library, hung in the balance until the very last moves, and so great was the suspense that three women in the audience fainted from the excitement.

Honors for the most stellar individual play went to Squattenmovovitch, of Maryland, who used his fetid briar pipe to great advantage, outsmoking three of his opponents. His cool, heady play was also outstanding. Phosgeneovsky, who held down No. 5 board for the home team, was the only Old Liner to be overcome by the fumes, falling a victim to the nebulous onslaught of Puffanblowsky of Hopkins. At this point Joe Zilch was hastily substituted for the asphyxiated Marylander, but Puffanblowsky's lead was by this time too great, and he annexed the match. The only other casualty suffered by the College Parkers was that of Guzzlevodka, who sprained a thumb in effecting a scrappily contested checkmate at the third board. However, his great stamina and determination enabled him to complete the game, gaining a round of lusty applause from the audience.

Both Squattenmovovitch and Guzzlevodka have been boosted as All-Southern material in the best chess circles, but as chess is a game of great deliberation, only time will tell.

The line-up was as follows:

Board No.	MARYLAND.	Points.
1	Squattenmovovitch	1
2	d'Atwuznolady	0
3	Guzzlevodka	1
4	Martini	1
5	Phosgeneovsky	0
		3

Board No.	HOPKINS.	Points.
1	Hunkaboloney	0
2	Datwuzmywife	1
3	Whoinell	0
4	Canadadry	0
5	Puffanblowsky	1
		2

AN APOLOGY

The Dime-back apologizes for all remarks which appear in "Twerp Talks" of this issue.

TWERP TALKS

By "GRAVEYARD" TOMBS

Speaking of ping-pong, the Maryland boys can really rattle the celluloid pellet. I was down watching Grandpa Mackard put the gents thro their paces the other day, and after seeing the brand of apples they had to sell, I would pick them to drag all the other teams into camp. And your Uncle Graveyard knows whereof he speaks. I have seen many a man swat the mothball, but none with the fight and nerve any of Grandpa's boys have got; a flock of sure winners.

* * *

I have always been an advocate of economy in sports. My latest idea, which would klop two birdies with one mashie, is to combine baseball and track into one sport by changing the diamond into a circular cinder-path. This would give the boys a chance to run around in circles literally as well as figuratively. For instance, if a guy clouted a four-bagger he would have to sprint around the quarter-mile under a certain time or the run wouldn't count. And likewise, a single would call for the hundred yard dash in 10.5 or the hit wouldn't register. Pretty cute, eh?

* * *

I pick "Arts & Sciences" as a breezy winner in the first race on the muddy Maryland course; "Joe College" in the third at Booe; put your meal ticket on "Varsity Grill" for the fifth run at La Plater; and I select "Office Manager" as a likely nag in the fourth at Havya de Grades.

UM-UM

BIRD STADIUM WILL FEATURE HORSE RACES; PADDOCK TO BE BUILT

One of the latest moves on the part of the University in more firmly establishing itself in the realm of sports, and one which is expected to cull a few shekels on the side, is that of equipping Bird Stadium with a paddock so that the sport of kings may be brought to College Park. It is expected that horse-racing will be a very popular form of diversion for the racy student body. The excellent business aspect of the proposition was largely instrumental in leading the Athletic Board to take the step.

"This plan would give the track team a much-needed rest, besides providing interesting entertainment for the students," explains the Board. "Under the plans formulated, the plugs would be cared for by the Ag students, thus saving the University a lot of money and giving the students instruction in Animal Husbandry at the same time.

"Under the new plan, instead of giving help to students, the lads who would otherwise receive it would be given concessions as book-makers down at the track. If they were able to do pretty well for themselves, we could extract commissions from them," the Board averred.

UM-UM

GIRLS!

Ladies and Gentlemen!

Do you know
the "PAWS
what caresses"?

DRINK Hotsi Cola

the burp
beverage . . .

sold at all
speakeasies and
fraternity houses;
and "A Dime-Back
on the large bottle"

ILLUSION

This young
lady appears
to be only
half dressed



Try OLD FOOLS
and give your
gullibility a
chance

*It's Fun to be
Fooled...*

EXPLANATION
She Is!

That's why
we ask you

To Smoke

OLD FOOL
cigarettes

Remember—"There's
no fool like an
OLD FOOL!"

A CORRECTION

Since the first page went to press it has been learned that Moral Hall did NOT burn down last night, and is not scheduled to do so until tonight. We regret the error, and the fact that the darn thing didn't go off as planned. (Better luck this time, Joe.)

YOU LOSE FOLKS— HERE'S MORE ON MORAL

(from first page)

plete the job of narrowing the stairway, thus fitting the structure for classroom purposes."

A search of the ruins revealed the presence of fifteen blowtorches, twenty-two gasoline cans, and ten empty dynamite boxes, giving rise to the belief, later discounted by the authorities, that the fire might have been of incendiary origin.

UM-UM

YOU LOSE FOLKS— HERE'S MORE ON S. G. A.

(from first page)

until brought up short by the hot retort of the opposition that the water would be "too dam cold" at this time of year.

When it was at last decided that the matter was ready for a vote, it was found that there were present only two of the original 58 members of the body, constituting the absence of a quorum. This condition was soon remedied, however, by bringing in the absent members, who had formed a number of gay smooching parties out behind Moral Hall. The motion was then carried by a vote of 320 to 319, and the meeting was adjourned.

President Walph Rilliams seemed just a bit nettled at the outcome of the vote, but would make no comment which could be printed here, besides saying that the move would have little effect as the student governing body had long been all wet anyhow.

YOU LOSE FOLKS— HERE'S MORE ON TELLYAFARRIO

(from first page)

and occasionally snoring and hiccupping very quietly.

During the business meeting which followed, it was voted to hold the national convention in Podunk, Minn., whether the other chapters liked it or not, as the local chapter's president's uncle owns the hotel there. During the initiation, three undergraduates were admitted to membership in the fraternity, and an honorary membership was extended to Dr. Tellyafarrio.

MARYLAND SATIRITY

PROM QUEEN



Miss Winnie Winsome, charming Prom belle, snapped while in the "deceiving" line.

The Junior Prom was the same old affair last night in the Twillard Hotel. It would have been anywhere, at this time. But last night's event seemed to have had a little something which distinguished it from past proms. In fact, it was better than any other by at least 200 feet. What a party! What a headache! . . .

In the accompanying photograph is shown lovely Winnie Winsome, Queen of the Prom, one of Maryland's smarter social set-backs. Her exquisite saffron cellophane gown, showed her off to good advantage, being caught at the shoulder, more often at the heels, and entirely missing in the back.

Sadie Whiffledink was attended during the early part of the evening by two escorts. When last seen she was wearing thirteen frat pins and two police badges.

* * * * *

Rho Dammit Rho announces with very, very great pleasure the pledging of Joe Goldrocks, Will Codicil, Combien d'Argent and Gotta Lottabucks. Initiations will be held as soon as present financial trends can be determined.

* * * * *

Rho Dammit Rho announces that if present plans materialize a large 350-room house will be built facing the Boulevard in the near future.

* * * * *

No Dammit No sorority enter-

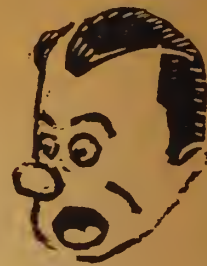
YOU LOSE FOLKS— HERE'S MORE ON OFFICE-SELLING

(from first page)

It is expected that at the next meeting, if any, the measure will be passed by which the Council will muscle in on the racket of selling appointive offices, and also elective offices not now under the control of the Greeks. It was pointed out that the Council holds several I. O. U.s for Senior Class positions for last year which as yet have not been paid. A committee was appointed to take care of the matter.

The highlight of the Saturday meeting was reached when a new and inexperienced member of the Council arose and asked, "But where does this money derived from the sale of offices go to, and who gets it?" The lad was quietly, speedily, and firmly ejected, after which the members dispersed.

ADV.



He: "What! You saw the point to an Old Line gag! How did you do it?"



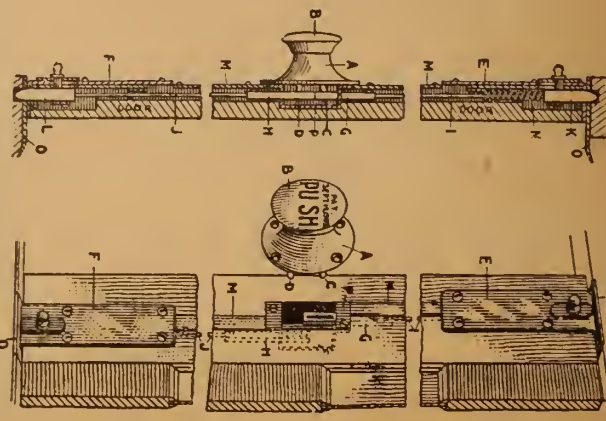
She: "ME? Oh, I eat Sweat-ed Feet!"

The wake-up food

EAT
at the DINING
HALL and

repeat if
you like

T-BONE PRINTING CO. (ANGEL BROS.)



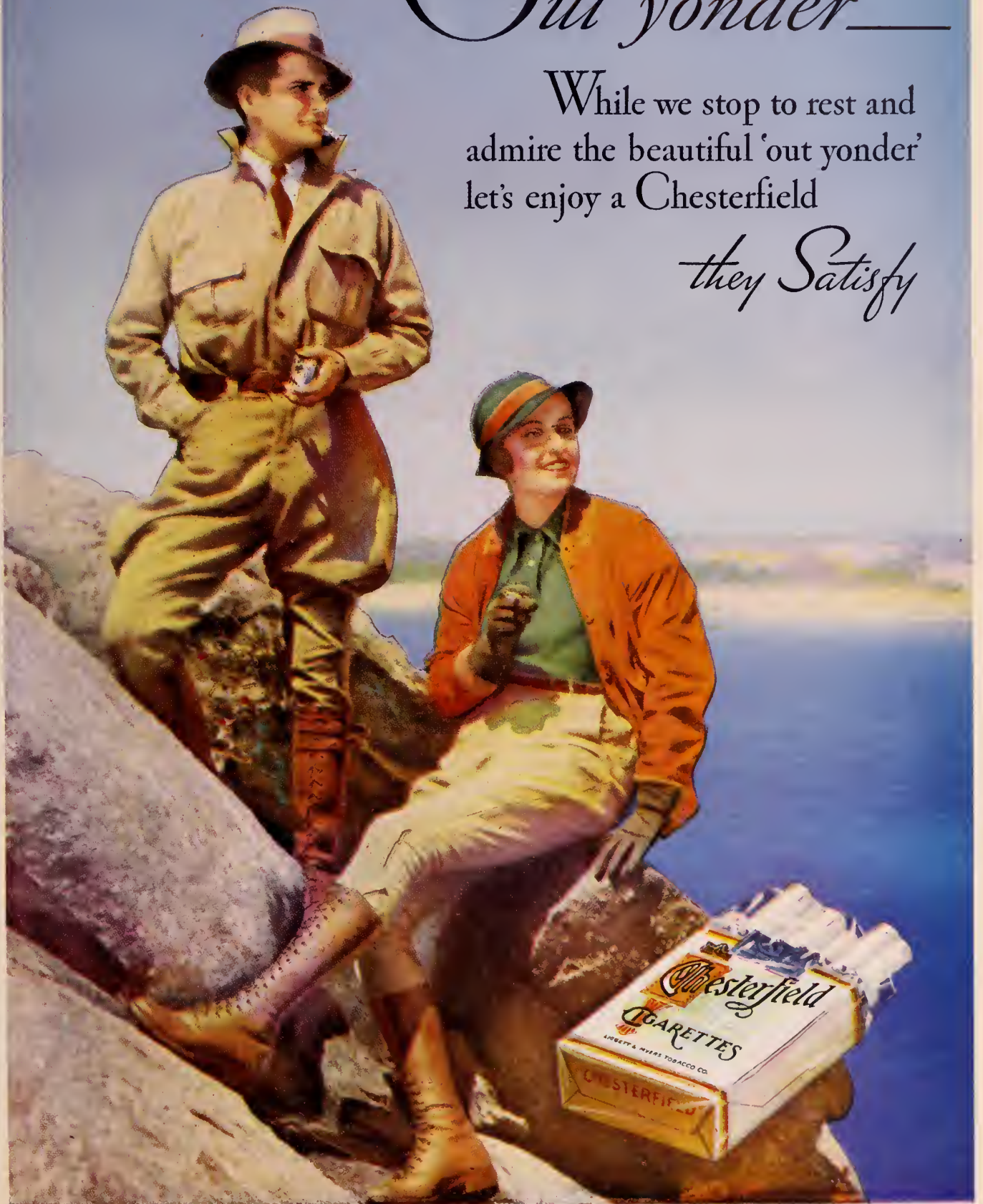
VIEW OF OUR NEW ROTARY PRESS, WITH
PUSH-BUTTON CONTROL

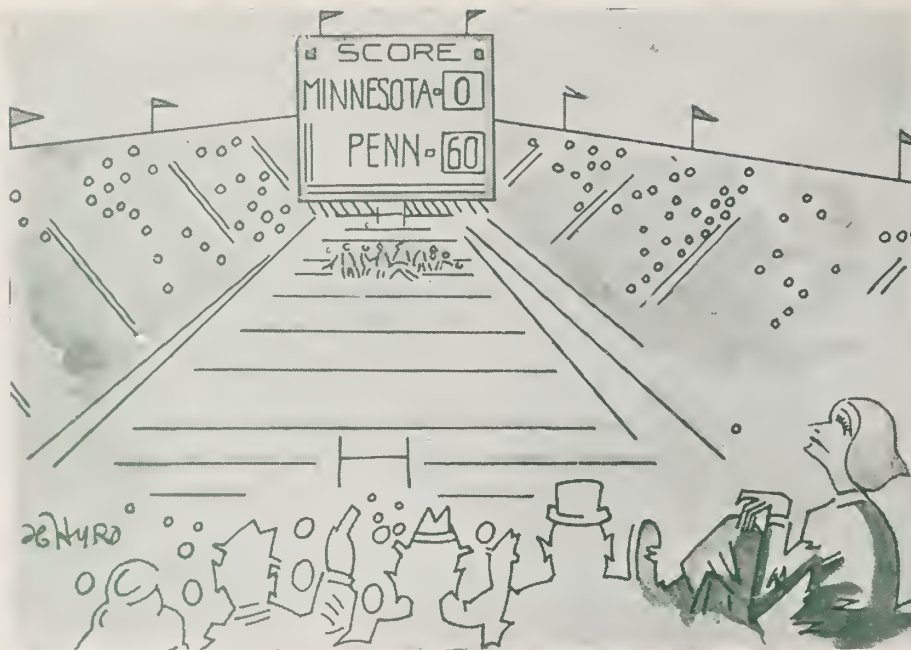
WE MIS-PRINT THE DIME-BACK

Out yonder—

While we stop to rest and
admire the beautiful 'out yonder'
let's enjoy a Chesterfield

they Satisfy





Courtesy, Reserve Red Cat.

Greta: "Aw I Thank Ay Go Home!"

Sigma Nu: "Do you know any foreign tongues?"

K A: "No, I only go out with American girls."

— Kitty Kat

♦ ♦ ♦

Io: "Football has done a great thing for this country."

Dine: "In what way?"

Io: "Well, now you can walk down the street with a blanket on one arm and a girl on the other and not be talked about."

♦ ♦ ♦

Once upon a time there was a little boy from Canada who had never seen a negro. He was visiting his uncle in Richmond when he saw his first colored woman.

"Why does that lady black her face?" he asked his uncle.

"That's her natural color," said the uncle.

"Is she like that all over?"

"Yes," replied the uncle.

"Gee, uncle," said the admiring lad, "you know everything, don't you?"

— V P I "Skipper"

♦ ♦ ♦

A professor, coming to one of his classes a little late, found a most uncomplimentary caricature of himself drawn on the board. Turning to the nearest student he angrily inquired: "Do you know who is responsible for that atrocity?"

"No, sir, I don't," replied the student, "but I strongly suspect his parents."

Froth

Waiter: "Would you like to drink Canada dry, Sir?"

Colosimo: "Yeah, but I'm only here for the week-end."

— Jack O' Lantern.

♦ ♦ ♦

"Dick is an awful pest. He never knows when to stop."

"That's funny. I was out with him last night and he found a swell place."

Black and Blue Jay.

♦ ♦ ♦

Fair Damsel: "Where do you think I'd be if I had a million dollars?"

Male Escort: "On my honeymoon."

Black and Blue Jay.

♦ ♦ ♦

Advice to Freshmen: Send your clothes to the student laundry and get to know the names of the fellows in your class.

♦ ♦ ♦

He: "Do you love me?"

She: "I love everybody."

He: "Let God do that . . . we should specialize."

— Widow.

And then there is the Freshman who doesn't drink coffee because he is afraid that he might not sleep out his lectures.

Black and Blue Jay



Courtesy
M. I. T. Voo Doo

We don't know whose daughter she is but we sure are glad to see her back.



Courtesy, Wisconsin Octopus

THE TRUTH ABOUT FRATERNITIES

Exchanges

The Old Line expresses its appreciation to the college publications listed below for their cooperation in making this exchange issue possible. And more specifically we wish to congratulate the artists for their rare humorous interpretations.

Notre Dame Juggler

Black and Blue Jay

Colby White Mule

M. I. T. Voo Doo

Carolina Buccaneer

Cornell Widow

Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

Reserve Red Cat

Wisconsin Octopus



Courtesy, Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

"Do you think it will rain today, Maria?"

"I just used your tooth powder. I hope you didn't mind."

"But I haven't got any tooth powder."

"Yes, you have. It was on the mantle."

"Migawd! Those were my mother-in-law's ashes!"

—Red Cat.

Then there is the couple who quarreled so much that they corresponded on scrap paper.

Octopus.

Sunday School Teacher: "And when the prodigal son returned, what happened, Tommy?"

Teal: "His father ran to meet him and hurt himself severely."

Teacher: "Wherever did you get that impression?"

Teal: "It says so right in the Bible: 'His father ran to meet him and fell on his neck.'"

A droll tale is told about the deaf and dumb man who had a nightmare and broke his knuckles on a bedpost screaming.

—Lampoon.

Editor: "Say, I wish you'd stop using so many puns in the stuff you hand in. The first thing you know, you and I are going to have a private war about it."

Teal: "Already have."

Editor: "What do you mean, 'already have'?"

Teal: "Already had a war about puns. Haven't you heard about the Punic Wars?"

—Apologies to *The Buccaneer*.

♦ ♦ ♦

"A bachelor just rented the room across the way."

"That sounds like curtains for you."

—Red Cat.

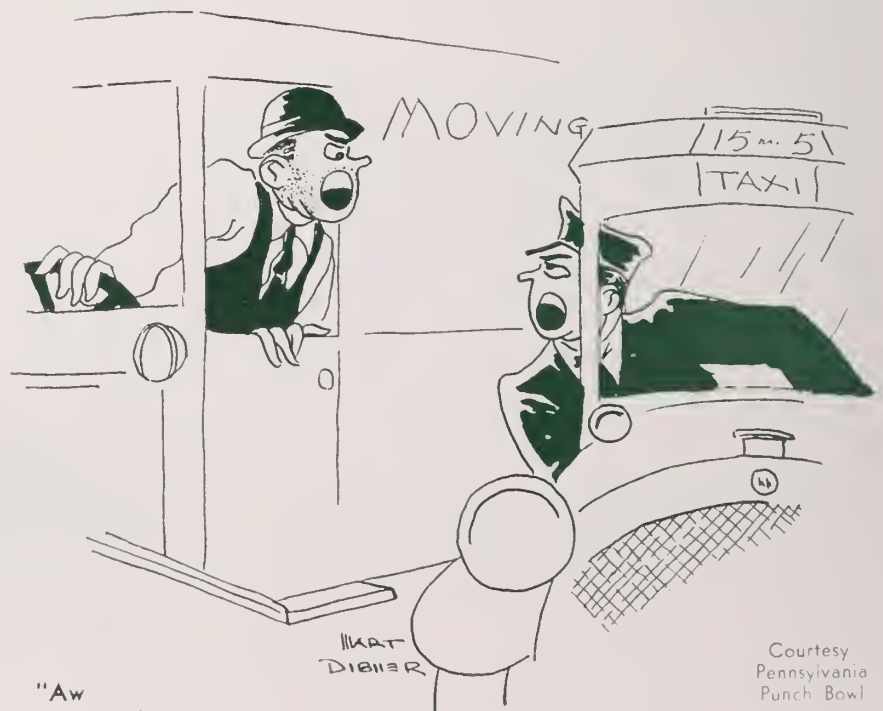
♦

Many a chorus girl has been pinched when the cops couldn't find anything on her.

♦ ♦ ♦

While giving a startling performance, a magician spread a blanket over a newspaper and proceeded to read the paper through the heavy woolen cloth. All the Delta Xis there got up and walked out.

—Kitty Kat.



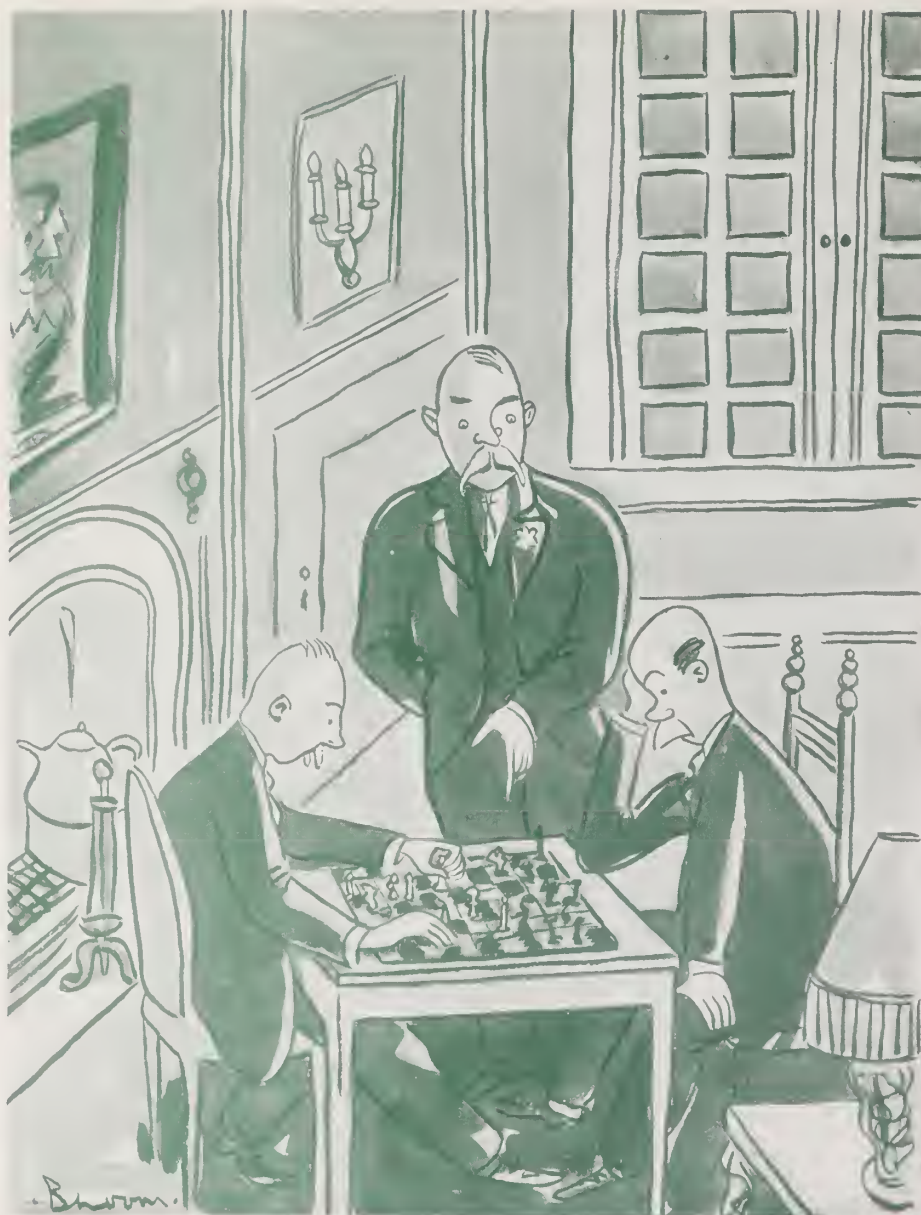
"Aw
Ne-r-r-r-th"

Courtesy
Pennsylvania
Punch Bowl



Courtesy, The Calley White Museum

"NOW, MR. VALLEE, I KNOW YOU WON'T MIND WAITING ANOTHER TEN MINUTES . . .?"



"There now, Witherspoon!
Cut loose and give him the works!"

Courtesy, Black and
Blue Jay

"Shay, a street car jusst passhed by here."

"How do you know?"

"I can shее itsh tracks."

♦ ♦ ♦

"My wife ran away with my best friend."

"Was he good looking?"

"I don't know. I never saw the fellow"

Wampus.

♦

Some folks are so dumb that they think bacteria is the rear entrance to a cafeteria

ABSTRACT COLLEGIATE LEXION

PITY: Our pal, packing up his trunk two days after the second semester begins.

SYMPATHY: Our same pal, called into the Dean's office.

OLD ONE: Telling the Saturday prof. about grandma and you "didn't have time to do it."

BLISS: One's first college kiss, or an A in math.

INNOCENCE: Our little gold-haired sister.

TOMFOOLERY: } 8.20's, quizzes, themes,
RIDICULOUS: } L. S., classes.
SUPERFLUOUS: }

SOPHISTICATION: A Freshman at the Junior Prom.

SWELLUS HEADUS: A Junior at the Junior Prom.

CONDESCENSION: The "big brother."

VANDALISM: Censoring jokes.

CONCISENESS: No! I won't.

TOUGH: Woman professor who tries to be.

ROGUERY: Co-eds who get men to do assignments for them. This is a most commonly found vice.

DIGNITY: People whose nicknames suggest nobility. Sir names also fall into the same heading.

NECESSITY: Money from home once a week and a date.

EXPERIENCE: A Freshman who has had a drink and also kissed.

INDUSTRY: Man who finds his thesis is due before he can go home for vacation.

GOSSIP: "Did you hear about Sally Snitchcake? Why, yes, indeed . . ."

PARASITE: Michangelo (chizzler).

—Exchange.

Theo H. Erbe

Why I Don't Like the Fellows in Other Fraternities

Their stubbornness.
Their ostentatious charity.
Their inordinate self-seeking.
Their detestable hypocrisy.
Their rashness.
Their partiality to friends.
Their high ability.

Why I Like the Fellows in My Fraternity

Their determination.
Their lavish generosity.
Their high ambitions.
Their charming politeness.
Their impulsiveness.
Their partiality to friends.
Their high ability.

DISCRETION

He: "When Count Blasee saw the enemy coming he ran away. I call that cowardice."

She: "No. He said that he remembered that the earth was round and that he was going around to attack them in the rear."

—Lehigh Burr.



Straining like H—
To produce a laugh.
Wondering if I'll ever
Make the staff?

—Lehigh Burr.



She was only a photographer's daughter—she sits in a dark room and awaits developments.

—Buccaneer.



Girls who sit at home and knit,
Sit and knit and sit and knit,
While girls who dress lightly,
Are dated up nightly.



"I believe you're kidding me," said the proud father as the stork brought triplets.

—Buccaneer.



"Why do you knit, Grandma?" asked the little girl.

"Oh, just for the hell of it," replied the old lady.

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.



The husband who knows where his wife keeps her dollars has nothing on the husband who knows where the maid's quarters are.

—Exchange.



"Mother," Dad said, "I'm going to find out what Jackie wants to be when he grows up. Watch."

He put a ten dollar bill on the table, it represented the banker. Next to it he placed a brand-new Bible representing the clergyman. And beside the Bible he placed a bottle of whiskey, representing the bum.

Mother and Dad hid where they could see the articles on the table. Jackie, whistling happily, entered the room and spied the arrangement on the table. He looked around to see

that he was alone. Satisfied, he picked up the bill and held it to the light, and replaced it. He fingered the pages of the new Bible. He looked around once more. Then he quickly uncorked the bottle and smelled the contents. And, in a motion, he stuffed the bill in his pocket, lodged the Bible under his arm, grabbed the bottle by the neck, and slid out of the room, still whistling.

"My goodness, Mother," Dad exclaimed, "he's going to be a politician."

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.



Courtesy, Cornell Widow

The Man Who Runs the Times Building News Flashes Sees a Friend

Everybody Eats at the
COLLEGE BAR-B-Q

Open to 2 A. M.

Try Our Spanish Omelette



SANDWICHES, LIGHT LUNCH
PLATE DINNER
CIGARS—CIGARETTES



AT THE GATE

Your Account is Solicited
—either checking or savings—

by the

Prince Georges Bank
and Trust Co.

where

Complete Banking Service is maintained
for all your needs.

Banking Houses conveniently located in
both Mt. Rainier, Maryland, and Hyatts-
ville, Maryland.

J. ENOS RAY, President
Class 1892

DE MAUPASSANT

Continued from Page 6

scream. Put that gun away'. I thought he was going to shoot her, but I was too scared to know what to do. There were several shots and the sound of splintering wood. He had fired through the closet door. Madam kept screaming. There was another single shot and a crash as though someone had fallen and overturned the dresser or something.

"I fainted and the next thing I knew, they were reviving me in the resident manager's apartment."

The coroner finished the notes he was making.

"You know, Miss Grant," the coroner's voice was confidential, "since you mentioned that book, I can't help thinking how strangely some things do turn out. I guess it's all for the best, the count's committing suicide when he realized what he had done. There's sort of a poetic justice to the whole affair."

Miss Grant's sad face was almost quizzical as she replied, "I don't know about the poetic part; but it was justice. That is, if you are thinking about the count's firing through the closet door when Mr. Walters was hiding under the bed!"



He: "I suppose you come from one of those towns where they pull in the pavements at night."

He: "What pavements?"

Frosh.



"How did you happen to oversleep last night?"

"Well, you see, the alarm was set for seven and there were eight of us in the house."

—Wampus.



He: "Why do you want me to go away?"

She: "You deceived me. You told me you were a Southern planter and I find you're an undertaker in Birmingham."

—Log.



SUCH LANGUAGE

As the truck came to a sudden stop, a natty little roadster behind it, in spite of a violent application of brakes, ended up with its front bumper giving the rear end of the truck ever so slight a jolt.

"Well, blankety-blank-blank it! Doncha know how to drive ya so-and-so? What's the big idea, huh?"

I put my hands over my ears, but it did no good.

"Who in this-and-that gave you a license, ya filthy something-or-other? For two cents I'd . . ."

What crass vulgarity, I thought, now slightly irritated. Is it any wonder such people stay in the same old rut? Imagine one of my profession using profanity like that!

"x . . . x . . . x ***." Still the din kept up. Finally I lost what patience I still retained.

"I'm sorry I had to stop so suddenly, miss." I said and disappeared into the night."

—Pinch Bowl.

seemed to intermingle with the generally sinister atmosphere of the place. The music, the laughter, the hilarious voices disgusted me. I decided to retire early.

"As I left the ballroom I noticed a wonderful thing. Immediately I closed a door behind me, I could not hear a sound. Why, it was the difference between living and dead—on one side, the din of a hundred people in bacchanalian riot; on the other, the silence of a sealed, granite tomb—and only a wooden door in between. Comparatively simple as the explanation was, at the time it seemed supernatural. I learned from the servant who showed me to my room that among old Cadwallader's eccentricities was an abhorrence to noise. Almost any slight sound was enough to send him into a rage. For this reason he had had the Castle sound-proofed completely and throughout.

"Well, the servant showed me to my room—you see, the party was arranged to continue for a few days and there were ample quarters to accommodate the guests. My host had also installed a number of modern features in the Castle, among them a complete plumbing system, so I decided to take a bath before going to bed. While the servant was preparing the tub I made the discovery that I had most inconveniently forgot to bring my bathrobe. Luckily, the servant was very obliging and promised to try to borrow one for me. My clothes needed brushing and pressing, so I gave them out to him and he went off, assuring me he would return with a robe before I was through bathing.

"I made a second discomfiting discovery when I closed the door. It had no lock. But you will remember my ability in connection with the University choir. I was equipped for the situation. My then clear tenor voice broke into a lusty song and I proceeded with my bath. The last inspiring notes of *The Road to Mandalay* had died away and I had broken into the opening words of the *Skat Song*, when I stopped dead—frozen—chattering, with the terror of all that is unholy in my bones! God! The horror of it! 'Mercy, mercy, mercy,' the words kept clicking in my mouth like the voice of a clock. Deadened, crushed, annihilated, I—say, have you ever made a smear with your thumb of a gnat that lighted upon the page of a book you were reading?" biting off his words, "Friend, I felt like the gnat. I had suddenly realized that my songs and the sounds of my splashings could not be heard two inches beyond the closed bathroom door. Any moment someone might open the unlocked door and find me in my disgusting and humiliating plight! I wept; I tore my hair; I looked wildly around for escape, my terrified gaze always reverting to the door knob, while I cringed from the time I would see it turn. What pathetic attempts I made to conceal myself in the tiniest crevices. God! It was terrible!

"I was mercifully spared the climax of the situation, for I lost consciousness before being found. Those few moments of terror cost me my normal life. My heart and nerves were left so mangled by the experience that when I returned to the village I had become as you see me now, and was scarcely recognized by my closest acquaintances."



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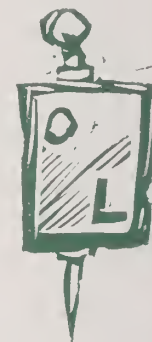
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ILLUSION:

This very old illusion was invented by Indian fakirs. Robert-Houdin used it in claiming that ether could make people light as air. He caused his subject to rise into the air, passing a hoop around the body to prove there were no wires or supports.

EXPLANATION:

One version: The girl wears a concealed harness, which ends in a socket between shoulder blades. This is attached to invisible mirror-covered piston. Piston is pushed up from below, raises girl in air. Hoop is cut in one place to pull apart when passing piston.

SOURCE: "Modern Magic" by Professor Hoffmann... George Routledge & Sons

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Another "magic show" is the illusion that cigarettes can be made miraculously "MILD" through manufacturing methods.

EXPLANATION: All popular cigarettes are made with modern machinery. *All are heat treated*—some more intensively than others, because inferior, raw tobacco

require more intensive treatment than choice, ripe tobaccos. But these processes do not explain or achieve mildness.

Cigarettes differ in the costliness of the tobacco used. The better the tobacco, the *milder* it is.

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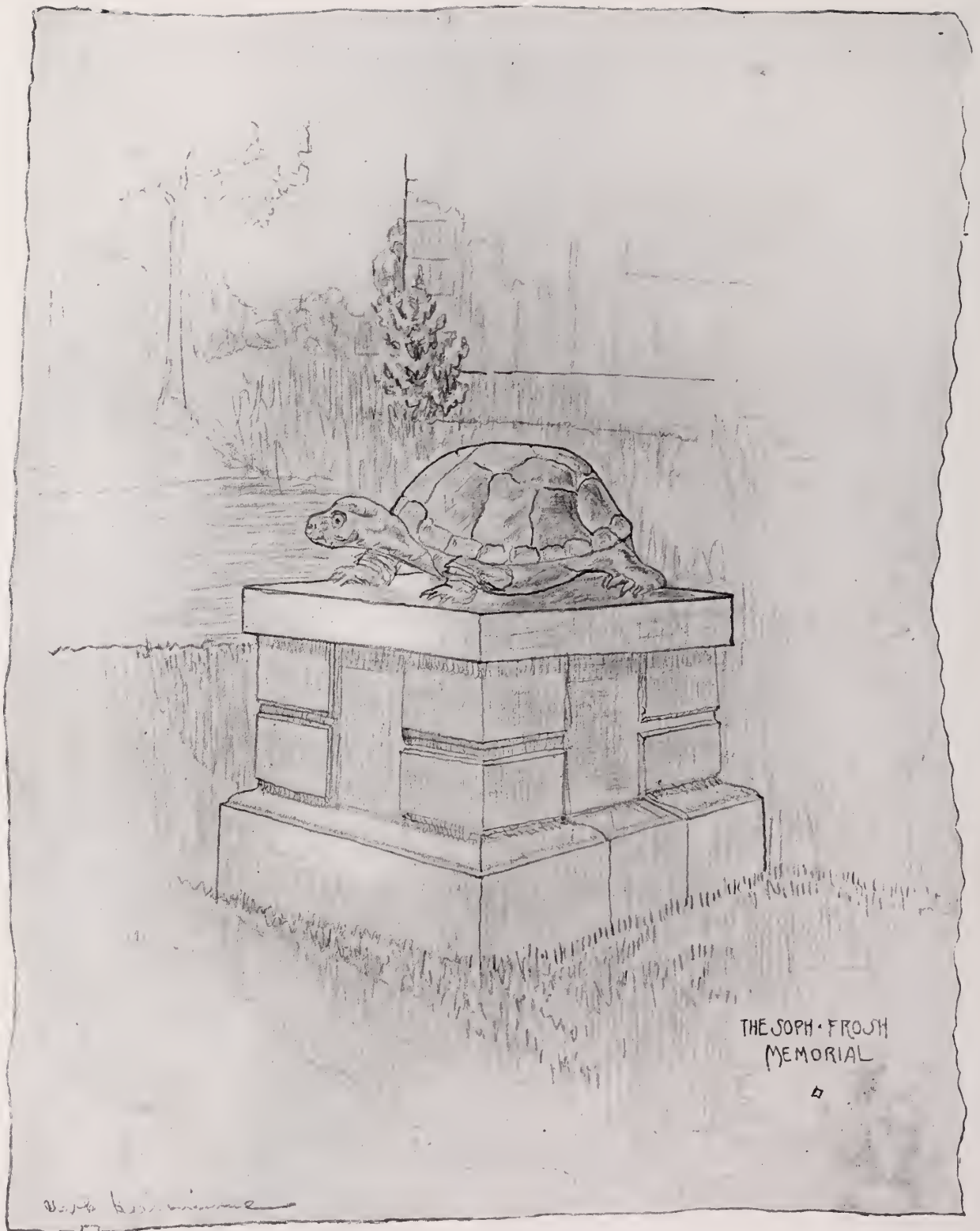
IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

"20th Century" Baltimore

the Old line



commencement issue



THE JOSEPH FROSH
MEMORIAL



Clark Heironimus

Clark Heironimus

Terrapin Memorial

There have been artist's models and artist's models, and some rare tales have been told about them, but here is one that is at least as unique as any you know.

It concerns a terrapin—age unknown, but he is a veritable old grandpop of Diamondbacks—whose uneventful life at Crisfield, Maryland, was broken into some months ago and he was started on an adventure the results of which culminate in the bronze memorial stationed before the Coliseum.

The memorial has been erected for two purposes. First, it will perpetuate the symbol that the University has adopted, and second, it is to serve as an award to the class winning the annual Freshman-Sophomore struggle. The name of each victorious class is to be engraved each year on a bronze plaque on the base of the memorial, for ten years. After that, bronze plates will be placed around the top of the base, to perpetuate the conquering classes in name at least.

The memorial serves as witness to the interest and generosity of two campus groups; the Senior Class presented the Terrapin, which is a five hundred pound affair of cast bronze, and the Student Government Association presented the base.

The whole is the result of the beneficence of a number of persons who receive the gratitude of University of Maryland students, past, present, and future.

Edwin C. Mayo, President of the Gorham Company, Providence, Rhode Island, and former quarterback at Maryland, 1904, made the memorial at cost, while this *Diamondback* in the flesh (or shall we say in the shell?) spent three months in Providence, posing for him.

Aristide Cianifiarri, the noted sculptor, made the model in clay at first. Major Howard Cutler, architect of the Coliseum, designed the base, generously giving his services to the cause. Bunt Watkins made the base at cost, and Joseph Himmelheber drew up the prospective designs.

The bronze Terrapin is five feet long, twenty inches high and three feet wide. The original, who measures ten inches, will help unveil his own image on June 2.



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"In recognition of the good
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University!"



Drawn by "J. Mort. Slugg"

A "NEW LINE"

"You're the first girl I ever kissed," said Joe College as he shifted gears with his foot.

—Sun Dial

• • •

And have you heard the one about the Scotchman who stood in the breadline so long that he lost his job?

—Penn State Froth

•

Ever since a copy of the American Mercury was brought into Europe, those damned foreigners have been Mencken fun of us.

—Octopus.

• • •

She: "You dance divinely."

He: "Yeah, I've got a sashweight in my pocket."

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

•

"I guess it's all up," cried the drunk.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

• • •

"Pop, I need an encyclopedia for school."

"Encyclopedia nothing; you can walk to school like I did!"

—Cajoler.

•

One: "Did you say you are subject to fits?"

Two: "Yes."

One: "What do you do when you have one?"

Two: "Oh, just walk back and froth." —Widow.

Pillows: An Appreciation - : - : - : - DOT & GORDON CLAFLIN & ZIM

Rarely, outside of the trade inducements and as a place to lay one's head, have pillows been seriously dealt with. Indeed this is a strangely sad but altogether accurate fact. Historically they have always been with us. Humanly they have always been tender. Intimately they have always been comforting. Verily they have run the entire gamut from confidants in sorrow to healthy listeners in happiness. Yet literature has practically ignored the suffering pillow.

The gallant white oblong deserves better treatment at human hands. Consider the essential need for it. Reflect upon its vital advantages. Summarize its important values. Never is the maltreated pillow found wanting. In every crisis, in every supreme joy, the pillow has been fundamental. But it has been passed by in the recounting of life's basic elements.

Consider the capabilities of your bedfellow. Ever agreeable, ever consoling, it takes and gives with equal facility. It alone answers the demands of the human temperament. Unflinching it succumbs before anger. Happily it caresses the head weary with joy. Nightly it serves itself up for duty, versatile to meet every requirement, singular in its unfailing satisfaction.

You thump it and beat upon it. You crease it and you strangle it. You pet it and you pamper it. You fondle it and

you love it. Divers treatments it receives with the same result—satisfaction.

Fortunate it is that emotion, or lack of it, that can find such a remedy and adequate consoling mate. No human dual relationship was ever so satisfactory.

True, a pillow is a tangible something. Possibly it possesses no soul. Psychologists will tell you that it has no mind. But personally, to the individual, the pillow stands as an almighty accomplice with every attribute of the perfect being. To the individual it certainly has a soul, obviously a mind, and over all, a heart. No trifling mortal can candidly report that the pillow is not supreme in the realm of nocturnal self.

In the concoction of the mental playthings; those dreams of tosh, those world-surprising plans, those ambitions fulfilled in reverie, in all the ablest assistant is the mute pillow.

Probably, if history had been more complete, the mental creations which the great of the world brought to culmination, including say: Christ, Confucius, Alexander, Mohammed, Caesar, Napoleon, Bismarck, Columbus, Washington, Hamilton, and so on, would have credited their inspiration to the pillow. So in art, letters, romance, and music. Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Stevenson, and Bach possibly found in their pillows the quiet and ease which stimulated their achievements.

History has been thorough in relegating the outward trifle to obscurity. Biography has sometimes included the incidental. But the common pillow has suffered the greatest neglect in this policy of ignoring the commonplace. Old folk lore once carried the stories of minute and quaint causes for momentous action. Even in these instances, however, the pillow is rarely mentioned.

Consider yourself. How many times have your better thoughts and ideas come to you as you were pillowed halfway between sleep and flashing wakefulness? How many of your finer reactions have come to pass upon the pillow? How many of your more powerful plans have been formulated while under the influence of its soft comfort? Just think back. Perhaps you don't realize that the movements you effected in the bright of the day were originally conceived in the pillow of the night.

Because the pillow is accessory rather than fact, because it is assistant rather than principal, it becomes the lack-lustre shaded companion of greatness. But behind the sorrows and joys of the human, behind the achievements and failures, rests placidly the inevitable pillow.

Some day there will doubtless come some more appreciative being who will recognize and set forth for posterity and literature an account, worthy, of this pliant and wonderful boon to mankind. A halo where a halo is due.

SENIOR • CLASS • SURVEY

Here you are, students! The facts, just as the OLD LINE Surveyor himself got 'em. A few brilliant individuals took the occasion as a lark, contributing some queer cracks. Among these were, Chizzle Chin Needham, as favorite author, Mickey Mouse, as number one Movie actor, and Tiddley Winks and Bridge as their favorite participating sports.

Reflecting the spirits of the times in their choice of the one thing most valuable to their college career, the seniors decided in favor of education. Activities, last year's winner brought up the rear.

The Mountains, so cool, played second fiddle to the sunny seashore as the choice of the summer resorts.

The most enjoyable year remains the same as last, the senior.

For light reading the seniors chose Collier's by a wide margin with last year's choice The Saturday Evening Post lost in the shuffle.

Sinclair Lewis and Lionel Barrymore continue to lead in their respective fields of story writing and movie acting.

Lacrosse barely nosed out football as the favorite spectator sport. How do you like that, Mr. Faber?

The seniors this year as those of last, still think that a betterment of the faculty is the most pertinent improvement needed by the University.

Have you a job?

Yes, 20%

No, 80%

Would you marry for money?

Yes, 31%

No, 69%

Do you expect to take graduate here or elsewhere?

Here, 20%

Elsewhere, 30%

None, 50%

In what city would you like to live if you had a job (in order of selection)?

Washington

New York

Baltimore

Would you have preferred to have gone to a non-coeducational institution?

Yes, 26%

No, 74%

Favorite summer resort (order of selection):

Atlantic City

Virginia Beach

Ocean City, Md.

Which do you believe the most valuable to your college career (in order of their election)?

Education

Associations

Activities

Most enjoyable year (in order of election):

Senior

Freshman

Junior

Sophomore

Clark

Heironimus

Favorite magazine:

Colliers

American

Time

Favorite contemporary author:

Sinclair Lewis

John Galsworthy

Favorite motion picture actor:

Lionel Barrymore

Frederic March

Favorite motion picture actress:

Helen Hayes

Norma Shearer

Favorite picture since January first:

Cavalcade

Farewell to Arms

Favorite spectator sport:

Lacrosse

Football

Favorite participating sport:

Basketball

Tennis

Swimming

What, in your opinion, is the greatest need of the University?

Betterment of the Faculty

Swimming Pool

Better curriculum

"Maybe I shoulda' flunked Trig and Lit again at that! ? ! ?"



Loy Littman

"Nut McWhozis, the famous football player?

"May I have your autograph?"

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THE "DOC"
HIMSELF

"One-half the world knoweth not how the other half liveth," said Haroun-al-Raschid, as he opened the harem door. After this highly technical beginning, it should be explained that the purpose of this article is to present a scientific account of some types and habits of the genus "student" (Lat.—studens(e)) which will be profusely annotated and provided with broad understanding.¹

But as observation, experimentation, and investigation have replaced the argumentative methods of ratiocination, let us actually examine a few typical specimens (speciwomen) to see what makes the wheels go 'round. So we'll jump into the Austin and taking our student (drag)net with us, we'll soon round up a few likely-looking types. As in other forms of Life (Judge, College Humor, or Whizbang), it is to be expected that there are degrees, i.e., different orders amidst the genus (or genius). Classification being essential to this learned and eruditely profound disquisition, the endeavor will now be made to give the gentle (3.2) reader a rather concrete idea of the precise terminology, the etymological derivation and the entomological origin of the species and its "varieties" (Ninth St. Opera, please note!) The major varieties considered below are: the "smoothie", the "mogul", the "Campus-leader", the "apple-polisher", the "browner", the "numbie", and the "unc".

The Smoothie² may be encountered in

¹ Plenty of foot-notes.

² "Smoothie"—derived from bovine term (S-Moo-thee I sing), reminiscent of dear old M. A. C. or was it M. C. A.?

Dr. Jaeger—Winchellized history served up regularly fifteen minutes late . . . Sidney Franklin at the other end of the bull . . . could spice up international intrigue for the movies . . . patron saint of the uncensored after-dinner story.

almost any neck or cranny of the campus. Outstanding characteristics are an easy, affable manner conducive to repose (in the class-room) and elastic friendships. A few examples will illustrate the type. A quiet young man of prepossessing appearance is Tom X. He is reputed to have a string of admirers who form a queue (he has to mind his P's and Q's) wherever he goes. He speaks in a secretive undertone, even when discussing the weather or the state of nature and its beauties on the campus.

His female counterpart is the artless and ingenuous young lady, Miss A, who knows none of the fundamental facts of Life (upon her own admission).³ She is petit and demure. This co-ed has 90% of the world believing that she is guileless and unsophisticated. Only occasionally does she betray herself by laughing in the wrong (?) places.

The Mogul⁴—presents a sharp contrast to the "smoothie", for he is often heard, although many can not "see" him. The Mogul is generally an authority (self-constituted) on "campus problems." He is to be found in the broad open spaces of the student congeries, such as sorority house lawns, speakers' platforms, etc. (especially the latter). An example is Dick Y. A Senior below medium height, his freshman audience listens attentively (with an occasional burp) to his authoritative dissertations anent the complexities of modern sport. He is impressive in a small way and will go far ("bad news travels fast"). Has he a hidden inferiority complex?

The Campus-leader—Amidst a flourish of trumpets and the cheers of multitudes, he proposes reforms of sweeping manorial dimensions. Give him a "cause" and a platform (or one or the other) and he'll come through.⁵ Typical of this group is Harry Z. The total lack of manners in the refectory (mess-hall) compelled him to take vigorous steps—hunts and corns notwithstanding. The tremendous emotional upheaval accompanying this campus crisis left Harry in a chaotic state which led him to the infirmary. Careful diagnosis reveals that he is suffering from a "touch" of Aurora-gobelus⁷ and he will be operated on by mid-summer, M.D.

³ 5 cent tax.

⁴ The male of the species "shegull".

⁵ Yes, in Ohio.

⁶ The Rye.

⁷ Dingy-fingered Dawn.

The Apple-Polisher⁸—tells the Professors how good they are. Gushing gaily through the daily routine, this co-ed type wastes no time on study. Miss D is a shining adept in the use of the new line (which never grows old). Very blonde and very blank, she has a commanding presence (she'll probably be a sponsor some day). Just an intellectual gold-digger making the grade.

The Browner—The male representative of the above A-P. The average is represented by Johnny O. He has a most ingratiating smile with a lot of pearly white teeth.⁹ He gives the impression of knowing what it's all about—it's only an impression. Another intellectual—gold-brick.¹⁰

The Numbie¹¹—He neither knows what it's all about, nor can he give that impression. Sometimes, after the first four years in college, he gets a vague idea. He's the fellow who, in "military," if he lasts that long, will be a lance-corporal in 1950.

The Gravy-dealer¹²—As the name indicates, is the one who gets the "gravy," honorarium, or chairmanship of the Music committee in the shuffle. Mr. Blank, well-known in campus circles, is the prize example of the "local" boy who made good (money). He didn't care for the presidency of the class, he didn't want to be chairman of the Prom Committee but his aesthetic sense and Professor Goodyear's Appreciation of Music made him yearn for the chairmanship of the Music Committee. In addition to the chairmanship, he usually gets a table or two, a tidy sum from band leaders, the gold fillings out of the Prom chairman's teeth and a first mortgage on the Ag Building.

The Unc—Defies any attempt at orderly dichotomy. This is the largest group, being unclassified. Here we find the great mass of lambs led to the slaughter—usually unconscious.

Then came the Yawn.

⁸ First-cousin (twice-removed) of Apple-knocker.

⁹ Dr. Lyon can help you, too. (Not an adv't.)

¹⁰ 18-Kt. pure brick.

¹¹ Individual benumbed by extreme cold—shoulder (Baltimore).

¹² The hand is quicker than the eye.

The
New
but rather
Jaegered
Line



"MARIONNE LOOKS HOTTER TODAY, THAN ANY GIRL ON THE CAMPUS" ————— "YEA! — BY ONE DEGREE"

Gypsy

She was tall and slim, and slouched carelessly against the door-jamb. She wore a long skirt splattered with bizarre red and green figures; her blouse was brilliant and outlandish, a sort of green-yellow affair, that hung untidily, but hers was the sort of figure that, wrapped in eggshell satin with gardenias on the shoulder, ought to lead the Grand March at a Junior Prom somewhere, so I hardly minded the untidy blouse. Her head was covered by a red kerchief arrangement and great hoops of gold hung from her ears. One hand was on her hips, and she dangled a lazily smoking cigarette from the other, a hand thin, with nails that looked about to drip blood, so red they were.

As we passed her, Willa and I went slowly, fascinated. She stared ahead of her into the street, smiling faintly. Just as we came opposite, she looked at us and for several seconds I saw deep into her dark eyes, before she shrugged ever so slightly and turned into her shop (a faded sign said something about fortune telling), her crazy skirt switching somewhat impatiently about slim ankles and high heeled shoes.

I tried to tell Willa as she walked on, that the girl's face was lovely, that her dark eyes and the slight smile on her very red lips were suggestive of glamour and beauty, but Willa was thinking only of the dress she was seeking to wear to our spring formal, and refused to talk about anything else.

While Willa was struggling in and out of Eleanor-blue organdy, canary-colored mousseline de soie, apple-green net, and white lace at our first stop (she tried on fourteen there altogether, but I cannot remember the rest) I thought about that girl. I thought about her all day long, in fact, explained her to myself in three different ways.

She must be a gipsy, I thought, as I decided that the shoulder straps on the white lace were too wide.

I closed my eyes momentarily, and imagined her where she ought to be; around a campfire, the air vibrant with music as a dark, handsome young chieftain played

Just as we came opposite, she looked at us for several seconds

his violin for my girl to dance. But why was she there now, in that sordid shop, dirty and ragged? Perhaps her dashing lover had played too lovely music for another woman's dancing, and Floya (her name was something as gipsy-ish as that, I decided) in a jealous rage had stabbed him and then had to flee and lose herself in civilization.

Picturing this was delightful, and as I thought of the firelight gleaming first on Floya's blue-black hair (I was sure her hair was black) then on her thin sharp knife with which she silenced her

lover's violin, I told Willa she looked as well in Eleanor-blue organdy as in green chiffon, but she ought to try in more than one place.

Willa sensed my inattention, but it takes more than inattention on my part to deter Willa, so we tried another shop. During the course of our two hours there, I constructed another romance; this time Floya was definitely Spanish, and her name was Leonor.

Madrid was as good a place as any for her. She was really too aristocratic looking for a gipsy, and I pictured Leo-



Illustrated
by
Clark
Heironimus

less and friendless, she married one of her father's creditors, who brought her to Ameica and then died . . . here then was all that was left of the once petted Leonor . . . just that brown-faced, gaudily dressed gipsy girl, who somehow looked as though she belonged anywhere but there where I saw her

Willa finally decided to get the first dress she tried on (she does that, no matter how many she tries), after getting her safely settled, I decided to favor her with my third fabrication as we walked to the bus.

"She might even be Persian, Willa," I told her. "Maybe she was once a Persian princess, say four or five years ago. Doesn't that sound exciting?"

Willa, all cares off her mind, was kindly and polite, so I continued.

"She'd be gorgeous in a moonlit palace garden. Imagine her all draped in some sheer white stuff, the sort of thing a Persian princess should wear, her hair soft and smoky . . . can't you just see her bending over a white iris—"

Willa interrupted, "Do they have white iris in Persia?"

I considered her irony rather heartless, since I had wasted a whole day just for her.

"You know, Willa, you were not good as a conversationalist today . . . I had to amuse myself somehow."

It was just after I finished saying this with properly injured dignity that I saw

that girl again. I had been so busy talking that I had not noticed we had almost reached her shop; just as we passed it, and before I had time to decide why, if she had been a Persian princess, she wasn't still a Persian princess, I saw her. Her shop was closed, and she came out of a door opening on the side alley, her bright clothes almost covered by a long black coat. At the curb a huge car was parked, and as she approached, a man stepped out to meet her.

"There's your psychology professor," Willa said, "he seems to know your gipsy friend."

I gasped. It was Dr. Latimer. Dr. Latimer and that gipsy girl . . . ?

"Good evening, Miss West!"

"Good evening, Dr. Latimer," I stammered, utterly unable to take my eyes away from that gipsy girl, standing there at Dr. Latimer's side, smiling pleasantly.

"Are you going back to the Gamma Phi house, now, Miss West? Let us take you. My niece, Miss Latimer, Miss West!"

I weakly presented Willa, and crawled into the back seat of Latimer's ritzy car, and watched the gipsy—Miss Latimer—climb in front.

Latimer woke up to the fact that I was staring in open-mouthed foolishness, at his niece in her outlandish garb, and that Willa was giggling like an idiot.

"Clare," he said, "you do need explaining." He turned and smiled at us

Turn to Page 22

Lois
Belfield



nor, the motherless daughter of some wealthy Spanish merchant, receiving with him at a reception on her nineteenth birthday. Thinking of my Junior Prom idea, I used it with variations, and saw Leonor, gorgeous in white brocade with camelleas in her hair, standing at the head of a long gleaming stairway, the light of a thousand candles shedding brilliance on her. It was the eve of the Spanish Revolution (there must have been a revolution) and in the excitement her father was killed, and she was left with no money and many debts. Help-

The travesty of **MACBATH** *= a dramatical error*

{ Slightly revised by that immoral bard of
Maryland-on-Paint Branch, }

HERB "SHAKESBEER" ALLISON

Setting by Heironimusoski

Dramatical ne personnes:

Druncan—retiring president of the SGA....Ralph Williams

Macbath (the rascal!).....Eddie Quinn

Bango—who "also ran".....Carroll, Kent, Dyer, or Small

Macbluff—Nemesis in person.....Willie Needham

Professors, studes, bounders, deans, more bounders, etc.

Reading time:—absolutely wasted!

Suggested cast:

Druncan:—Come. The 3:10 alarum soundeth anon.

Wenches:—Scram, youse guys, scram.

Mac., Ban. & Drunc.—We'll be seeing you. (Exeunt)

Curtain

ACT II

Scene—is believing!

The audience sees nothing in this scene as it takes place in the reading room of the Library and a misty Fogg hovers over it. However, the dialogue between Sadie Macbunk and Macbath may be heard as they are shouting to each other in order to be heard against the din in the reading room:

Sadie:—

Well, Mac ole boy, it's just as I have said,
Faint heart won't snag the youthful and fair Sadie.
So lend thine ears while I my plan unfold
Whereby thou may'st klonk two birdies with one sock
And both lead the Prom and grab the SGA
Savvy?

Macbath:—

Hell no!
Thy droning is as that of a professor
And quite as empty.

Sadie:—

Well, to stare the gift horse straight in the tonsils
Here's the score in words of one syllable
So e'en the lowly freshman may comprehend.
Just before the brawl, Macbath, my boy,
Sneak into Bango's room and with some scissors
Cut that most important part—the seat
From out the trousers of his only tux.
Then verily, verily, is he undone
For, thanks to thy daring exposé—aye!
Even Bango's southern exposure, he'll be disgraced
And cannot lead the Prom, and you
As next in line will take his place
And with thy airy graces please the motley mob
So that they'll vote for you instead of Bango
For president. Not bad, eh Mac? (she goes out)

Macbath:— To cut or not to cut!

That is the question. Whether to unseat
The foe and leave him bare, or let him keep
His seat, and leave me nothing but the air!
If 'twere a class, 'twere good as cut; but his pants—
Nerts! I like it not, and 'twould offend
Ole Bango to the very bottom. But,
If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. I'll flip a coin! There!
It's tails for Bango! And I go a-panting
To do the deed! (exit)

ACT III

Scene1—Bango's darkened dormitory room.

Macbath:—(holding up the famous breeches)

Is this the trouser which I see before me,
The suspenders in my hand? Come let me cut thee;
I see thee not, and yet I have thee still.
Art thou, pantaloons, as sensitive to scissors as to
knife?

Aye! 'Tis done! And may it serve its purpose. (exit)

ACT I

(ob) Scene 1—the Coliseum front yard

Three coeds, in nondescript attire, are leaning coedishly against the base of the Senior Class Memorial. From the tummy of the bronze terrapin, which the coeds have turned on its back, arises a thin trail of blue smoke, which together with the ominous mutterings of the three wenches suggest some weird, ritualistic ceremony. On closer inspection, however, it develops that the coeds are merely using the turtle for an ash-tray. As footsteps are heard in the distance, the weird sisters begin hopping lackadaisically from one foot to the other in a species of dance. The ceremony is none other than the annual May-day festival gone depression.

1 wench:

When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or the Grill?

(Enter Druncan, Macbath, and Bango, in ROTC uniforms)

Drunc., Mac., & Ban.:—(getting fresh)

I dunno, girlies;
Whatchoo doin tonight?

2 wench:—(not hearing)

When this doggone dance is done,
When the May Day's fought and won.

All 3 wenches:—With a hey nonny nonny and a hot cha cha!

1 wench:—(spying trio) Hail Macbath! . . . Leader of the Jr Prom!

2 wench:—Hail!

3 wench:—Hail!

All:—(singing)

. . . The gang's all here
Whatinell do we care now? . . . Selah.

Macbath:—

How say'st she, "leader of the Prom"?
Ain't Bango Prom chairman?—the lucky stiff.

3 wenches:—

All hail to Macbath and Bango—
Them who would'st be president of the SGA

Bango:—(aside) If he thinks he can run against me and get elected, he's nerts!

Macbath:—(aside)

So! My secret ambition is no longer secret!
Sadie must have spilled the beans.

3 wench:—(to Macbath)

Thou shalt rule, Mac ole boy,
But none of thy frat brothers after thee!

Macbath:—(aside) Can she know how I'm bribing all the fratneys to vote for me?

(to 3 wench) Hast been reading my mail, hag?

3 wench:—No, only Macbluff's weekly scandal colyum in the Dbk.

Druncan:—Come. Why tarry we here?

Mac. & Ban.:—Why what we where?



"Well, Mac, faint heart won't snag the fair and youthful Sadie."

Scene 2

Macbath may be seen pacing back and forth in his own room, with a worried look. Enter Sadie.

Macbath:

I've done the deed—I hope you're satisfied.
You'll have your wish and lead the Prom. But me,
I repent me of the deed. Woe is Bango—
Will *his* face be red!

Sadie:—

Come! There's no use crying over ripped cloth.
Why stand you here in meditative mood?
Away! Let's make hay while the sun shines!

Macbath:—

Aw, who wants hay, anyhow?
I'd rather make rye while the moonshines.

ACT IV

Scene 1

The Junior Prom and the ballroom is not all that is lit up.

1 coed:—Well! That Bango certainly made a fool of himself tonight.

2 coed:—My dear! Did you ever *see* such a thing? And to think that he got there before he ever knew what a fix he was in! You'd think he'd have felt a draft.

1 coed:—He must have been inebriated. I'm glad they threw him out.

3 coed:—Here we go! They're starting the Promenade! Don't Mac and Sadie look just *too* stunning?

✓ 1 coed:—I'll say. Some guy, dat Macbath. I'm gonna vote for him for president of de SGA. Anybody but dat palooka Bango!

1 stude:—Three cheers for good ole Macbath!

All:—Hip, hic, h'ray! (And so far, far into the night.)

next page



CLARK HEIRONIMUS

"ME? I'M MAD AT THE ELEVATOR MAN!"

ACT V

Scene 1—3 days later.

Macbluff, the scandal monger, paces the floor of the Dbk. office, a pipe between his teeth.

Macbluff:—

Aye, Macbath. Thou hast it now: Prom leader, president, all

As the weird wenches promised; and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for it; yet 'twas said
It should not stay in thy fraternity;

(Enter Druncan)

Greetings. An elegant kettle of fish, this
Eh, Druncan?

Druncan:—

Quite so; and very fishy indeed. And
Though I'm retired and shorn of all my power,
I like not this Macbath, and I suspect him.
Him should we investigate—the accent on the gate.

Macbluff:—

You suspect him! Gimme a statement! My
Gad, a statement! My diploma for a statement!
What with a dearth of dirt, no news, no scandal,
And cluttered with that (#'*&) (X'?@*#') Woman's
Page,

The Diamondback bids fair to resemble
The Ladies' Home Journal. What a break!
I'll publish abroad his infamy in
Three-inch banners; front-page editorials
Shall flay him; he shall know no rest from the
Scandal column! I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do!

Druncan:—Lay on, Macbluff, lay on!!

Macbluff:—(with pad and pencil)

Speak, speak! Of what do you suspect the man?
Make the charges grave, and should you stretch the
Facts a little, mayhap from him I'll get
A precious statement also. Quickly speak!

Druncan:—

Him do I suspect of base treachery;
Treachery affecting the most base portion
Of the worthy Bango's attire. Also,
I accuse him of cutting "breeches" of
Ethics in securing his offices.

Macbluff:—

'Nuf said! The noose hangs high! His goose is cooked!
And what's sauce for the goose is stuff for the slander!
Copy boy!!!

Curtain.

Scene 2

Macbath stands out on the Boulevard, his suitcase in one hand, the other upraised with the thumb oscillating with a gentle rotary motion on the joint, indicating that Mac desires transportation in any direction out of College Park.

Macbath:—

Oh vanity, thy name is Sadie!
Thou art she whence came my ruination.
Well, thou led'st the Prom, and danced
But 'tis I who pays the fiddler.
"Breeches of ethics"! . . . "Base treachery!"
Indeed! Oh Fate, thou art an awful pest!
Out, out, brief scandal!
Life is just a lot of worries
That— Hey mister! . . . Goin' to Baltimore?
CANADA?! . . . Hot dog! The farther from this
Dump the better!

(gets into car)

Farewell, my Alma Mammy! 'Tis better
To have loved and loafed

Than *never* to have gone to college! (they drive off)
(Curtain, curtain, who's got the curtain?)

ROUNDING THE HILL

By BILL NEEDHAM

Herewith and to wit we consign the following resurrected scandal skeletons, stolen from campus closets ere the dawn of a sultry Sunday late in May, to the maw of the insatiable gossip-mongers.

Dusting off the files carefully, to prevent same from soiling the nice striped flannels now girding the Needham loins, we find that, back in September, Dorothy Rombach was erroneously accused of marrying aviators . . . that Ralph Williams' bronze Senior Memorial Terrapin was then a cast-iron turtle . . . that George Cole had but recently been blessed with an addition to his family . . . that Amy had returned with thanks the Ebaugh jewelry . . . and that the Woods-Stallings duo had at last come to grips with the benediction of an ex-editor of *The Diamondback*.

Flipping the pages with careless insolence, we find the Dahn sisters duly recognized . . . and Larry (Hershperger) Powers forming a new fraternity, Beta Omicron (Heaven help me to collect my honorarium after that parenthesis!) . . . Millie Berry, Kathleen Hannigan, and Kitty Dennis, aided in an exemplary fashion by Pete Lawless, hanging a few mean curtains in the Publications Office . . . Arthur (Competitive Drill) House discovering that a dickey is something other than a fake shirt-front—especially if its first name is Katherine . . . the Varsity Grill comes into being, with Optimists Schmidt and Zalesak at the helm . . . and Jo Symons had yet to find the right man.

Then, all of a sudden, a Washington columnist had Ray Poppelman set to slip the silver on the Evans' finger late in the fall . . . which was all so much hockey in good Sigma Gnu parlance . . . The Sue Short-Freddie Lawrence combine was functioning smoothly . . . and Bob Maxwell was still having the very devil of a time forgetting his long-distance love in the Philippines . . . they were calling Dorrance Kelly "Rose Petal" about that time, too . . . and Bender and Watkins had found other interests . . . the Maryland Mixer, featuring a new and superb Hester Beall in her first public appearance on the campus in a role other than that of a professor of the Spoken Word, went over with a whoop and plenty of publicity . . . the local garden of pacifism grew a pair of beautiful buds, the one named Lees, the other Coale . . . somewhere along here, George Weber began the worrying which will continue until his diploma is safely clutched in his fist . . . chit-chat about Marion Parker's sister, Jean, who smoketh cigarettes at table while the family frowns . . . the Widmyer fan mail jumps . . . and Brueckner bobs her hair.

Kakel and King were bejeweled about the last of October . . . Fairfax Walters was taking "business trips" to Ohio . . . Mr. Clopper has a Clop-heir . . . Pan Hel muffs its first big case, the Affairs Committee stepping in and Kappa Delta taking the count . . . Toombs goes in for torch singing in the Brennan Revue . . . Cairns and Ruppe break into print . . . and Jack Riley writes our name on a .45 slug . . . Claflin wins a pair of free ducats for an air trip to N'Yawk . . . and backs down . . . the Kerstetter star begins to rise . . . Pugh runs into serious competition with an Auburn sedan in the Wollman league . . . Williams gets back from his New Orleans convention permanently haywire . . . people begin to bring "Deedie" Coleman's love letters into the office regularly for publication . . . Jasper Rickett's mustache came with the first really bad weather.

All of a sudden the Junior Prom, with Harold Naughton's date and her sad eyes . . . and the introduction of "HiHo"



Little Willie, nice and clean, just waiting to go out and play in the mud.

puzzles . . . exam burglary hits the headlines with lots of backfires from the Washington press . . . "Curley" Byrd chuckles up his sleeve as the *Baltimore Sun* gets wrothy over his salary . . . Bucky Buscher begins to mix orchids with his basketball . . . Vesta Byrd startles the muckrakers by a surprise date with Al Woods . . . six of us trail down to New Orleans for a press convention . . . year's highlight! . . . and Ed Pugh scatters Military Ball tickets from his Army plane . . . and the boys put us on the pan in our own column . . . Smoky Wood loses the ball to Lee, who forthwith scores with Hughes . . . two negroes make an unsuccessful bid for admission to the University . . . luckily for them . . . the Kappas go Gayety . . . and Short goes for suds and pretzels . . . Mary Keller begins to smile on *The Diamondback's* sports editor—he, incidentally, being the only department head on that paper to graduate . . . Shipley cuts adrift from Scott, with Langford stepping into the breach (and stepping out again just recently).

The end draws near. A barbecue waitress is fired for talking to Maryland men . . . and painfully true vignettes of the faculty begin to appear . . . the Sphinx Club is formed and progresseth rapidly . . . the Military Department draws a body blow from the War Department and loses Captain Upson, Lieutenant Shepard, and Lieutenant Harmony—all going on reforestation work . . . with a lot of influential people thinking publicly and privately that the Roosevelt brainstorm will soon blow itself out and play the devil with national finances in the process . . . so we come to June 3, sultry weather, and women fainting at graduation ceremonies . . . and almost 700 innocents being awarded degrees and wondering just exactly what they're expected to do with 'em.

I'm damned if I know—do you?

VIG



Dr. Hale—Creator of the plaque-to-drama movement . . . Cecil B. De-Mille burlesquing on a small scale . . . early English prose in linen knickers . . . patron saint of "verbum sapienfis satus est."

SCRIBBLER

HERB
ALLISON



Dean Spence—Platonic syllogisms at snail's pace . . . Southern Maryland personally-conducted tours' conductor . . . wild oats all sown . . . but just Kant seem to settle down . . . Patron Saint of Morrill Hall stairs.

TTES

Dean Taliaferro—Hitler (in a Nazi mood) raising the ole right arm for education of the masses . . . papal pompsity in cap, gown, and real French briar . . . just a lamb in wolf's clothing . . . bark much worse than bite . . . patron saint of Freshman Lectures.



R SKETCHER

JAMES
N DECKER

Dr. House—Our pal the absent-minded professor in his natural habitat . . . the Homeric influence gone Joe Penner—fedora and all . . . patron saint of correct diction for freshmen.



PLAYS

Starring Katherine Cornell—Return of Counsellor-at-Law and Another Language—Best Sellers — Noel Coward's Cavalcade.

BOOKS

As the Earth Turns—Will look for Jen this summer—British Agent by R. H. Bruce. Ann Vickers—Vicki Baum—Chris. Morley.

Most of the best plays of the current feeble season on Broadway Washington has already had a chance to see; the notable exception being Sidney Howard's *Alien Corn*, in which Katharine Cornell is starred.

From the reviews, this story of a neurotic music teacher in a small Midwestern college whose dream it is to study in Vienna seems to be precisely the sort of play that leading ladies pray for—one like *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, Miss Cornell's great success of last season and Ethel Barrymore's *Kingdom of God* and *Scarlet Sister Mary*—all plays in which the respective stars were the play, remaining on the stage almost continuously from curtain to curtain.

Anything Miss Cornell does is sure to be done well, and indeed the reviews speak of her performance with high praise. Of the effectiveness of the play as play, however, there seems to be more doubt. At any rate, there is apparently more emotional complexity and even melodrama on this particular campus than most of us would expect from college teachers, who are for the most part quiet people resigned to their fate.

Two notable return engagements now playing in New York—Elmer Rice's *Counsellor-at-Law* and Rose Franken's *Another Language*—seem to prove that it is lack of good plays rather than financial difficulties which accounts for a rather dull season. Mr. Rice's play, like all his others, is full of stir, full of racy dialogue. The printed version runs to nearly three hundred pages, or more than a hundred over the average; the cast contains upwards of thirty people even at a time when managers plead for small and inexpensive casts; the scene shifts constantly—four times in the first act. But through the constant comings and goings, the immensely amusing sideplay (especially that of the telephone operator), and the bewildering shifts of scene, the audience is never allowed to lose the main theme—the development of the story of the great G. S. Of course, it is easy to mistake noise and tumult for vitality; but it nevertheless seems to me that Mr. Rice must be classed with Mr. Barry and Mr. Kelly and Mr. Howard as a playwright who can be depended upon to turn out plays that are more than merely good workmanship.

The success of Mrs. Franken's play is the result of its playableness, that evanescent quality which does not particularly appear in the printed version and which even the most skilled of producers cannot predict. It is the story of fineness of spirit being overwhelmed, or almost overwhelmed, by the grossness of the Hallam family. With a bad cast the play would be doomed, for it depends for effectiveness on skilled and subtle acting. It includes, moreover, many slips such as the complaint of one of the characters that the pinochle-deck has only fifty-one cards; but maybe pinochle is really that far gone.

Of two other plays, it is possible only for me to say that I hope *Best Sellers* (Bourdet's *Vient de Paraitre*) was funnier in French than it is in English in spite of Ernest Truex's skilful acting; and that *Design for Living*, notwithstanding the extremely clever dialog which is afflicted "with a mild odor of general decay," perfumed, but not entirely pleasant. Mr. Coward's *Cavalcade* does him more credit.

If you are tired, this summer, of the ranting of the propaganda novelists and the general pessimism of the sociological novelists try something different in the May book of the month—*As the Earth Turns*.

This is a calm, peaceful, and extremely sensible novel about a very large family in the western part of Maine, and naturally centers in the life of the farm.

Mark Shaw is a new type of patriarch, calm, placid, but not indifferent. He has managed his family well, and he had a very large family to manage. In the words of the author he had "George, the first boy, fat and always hungry . . . then Ralph and Lize, the twins, thin and far looking like their mother; and Ed here, and Jen; and then Olly." At this point in his family history Mark married a second wife—a widow who brought him two step-daughters and bore him a son.

At the time the story opens these people are not all living at home. George is married to someone named "Mil" and lives about across the road from his father; Ralph has become an army aviator, and returns to the farmstead only once; Lize lives in Rumfret (probably a pseudonym for Rumford, Maine); one of the step-daughters later goes to Rumfret; and Olly is in Hathorn College (apparently a disguise for Bates).

The story opens with the moving in of a family of Polish immigrants to the neighborhood. In spite of the fact that they are unquestionably superior people, they are not much liked. However, one incident and another leads Jen to become better acquainted with them and to try to help them. She saves a baby from a severe attack of croup, her father helps lay a bridge on the immigrant's farm, and so things happen. Eventually the Janowski's all move back to Boston except the eldest son, Stan, who goes to live with the Shaws and who seems to be headed for wedding bells.

There are so many side plots and incidents that interest easily slides from one event to the next without much suspense being created by the main plot. For instance, Ed is engaged to a school teacher at the beginning, but it seems as though she might never occupy the twelve-room house he has prepared for her because of a difference over the idea of her continuing to teach even after marriage. This works up to a minor climax and then is settled amicably.

Throughout the whole, however, is the incomparable Jen. Jen is a girl the like of which you will probably never see. Although she is only fifteen years old she knows just how to cook things that women forty years her elders are still experimenting with; she knows just how to handle a baby with croup; she gives the best financial advice in the neighborhood; and she prevents the break-up of her brother's marriage. On top of this she attracts the attention of Stan Janowski, who is somewhat of a paragon himself. She is a remarkable girl, and I shall certainly look for her when I go to Maine this summer.

As the title suggests, the story covers almost exactly one year in the life of these people. The sections are marked respectively Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter Again.

On the other hand if you are concerned with more serious matters you might be interested in *British Agent* by R. H. Bruce

Continued to Page 23

DR. CHARLES
B. HALE

GEORGE
FOGG

Something to Say

— not just saying something



A friend of CHESTERFIELD writes us of a salesman who had "something to say":

"I dropped into a little tobacco shop, and when I asked for a pack of Chesterfields the man smiled and told me I was the seventh customer without a break to ask for Chesterfields. 'Smoker after smoker,' he said, 'tells me that Chesterfields click . . . I sell five times as many Chesterfields as I did a while back.'"

Yes, there's something to say about Chesterfields and it takes just six words to say it—"They're mild and yet they satisfy."

they Satisfy



AMOROSO!

He asked for a kiss,
To remember her by.
'Twas a moment's bliss,
And then a sigh.

That another was asked
Neither can recall.
But the third which he took—
Is remembered above all!
Oh, my Loved One—Sleep!
Let thy burdens, thy earthly care
Be lost in slumberous deep.
Let thy silken golden hair
Be spread wide o'er thy desire—
O'er the pillow of sweetest dreams
That bring me to your fire.

Let not thy weary head
Be bowed in weak despair
Oh! Heed not what's been said,
But make thy bed thy lair.
There secure in memory sweet
Love begins anew—refired—
There finds a staunch retreat—
Oh! Heart, to bed, you're tired!

—D. D.

CONSTANCY

Asleep or awake,
At night or daybreak—
I'm with you.

Wherever you go,
Whatever your woe—
I'm with you.

Rich man's lot,
Pauper's cot—
I'm with you.

When "dead" you'll be,
You'll wake to see—
I'm with you.

—Olga C. Lofgren

POST-GRADUATE

I want to be pampered and tip-toed around,
Hear it said: "He's feeling cross",
I want to gulp breakfast and run for the train,
Talk mysteriously of profit and loss.
Let me complain my coffee is cold . . . or
"My underwear. Where did you put it?"
. . . "What your brother's bringing his wife?
And that dog? Damn it, I'll shoot it!"
"Who cleaned my room and mixed up my desk?"
I swear I'll padlock the door,
You come in here and hide my things
And I can't find them for weeks or more!"

You see, my dear, I want to rave and go on,
Just as millions of husbands do,
But for such a life, one needs a wife—
So, how about me and you?

Denzel Davis

BYE-BYE

Was it "goodbye",
Or just "toodle-oo"?

You never told me,
So I never knew.

That hasty hug,
That hurried smack—

Am I to think
You're never coming back?

Well, if you don't,
Why, I won't fret;

For I, like you,
Will soon forget.

—O. C. L.

TO MY SPANISH PROF

Teach me of *senoritas*,
And sunny skies of Spain.
Of gallant, brave *hermosos*,
How they fight for love and fame.
How they play on their *guitarras*
And sing to their true love
Songs of romance and *resplendor*
And of starry skies above.

II

Omit the thousand grammar rules
And try increase our knowledge
Of Spain's wooing *metodos*
And their love affairs in college.
Start a modern language course
That thus far we are missing,
And teach your students more about
The Spanish way of kissing.

H. H. R.

A POT OF DENZEL

GEES!

I wish I had no etiquette,
How happy I would be!

I'd hop and skip and run about
And shout and sing with glee.

'Cause when I'd see you, every time
I'd jump right on your lap,

And with my arms your neck entwine,
You great, big, darling sap.

—Olga C. Lofgren

Examinations.
How sad!
Couldn't study;
Too bad.

J. R. S.

Contribu

Olga C. Logren
Kathryn Wailker
Herbert Rosenbaum
Jane Coker

HOPE

Hope in me is a bud of gold:
A daffodil piercing the black spring mold.
But Fate is the frosty March wind's frown
Waiting to cut the flower down.

C. J.

KINSHIP

Shimmering sheets of tiny pellets,
The heavens and I know of pain—
The steel white hurt of heartache.
Rain.

The searing wound of an avalanche
As mountains are tumbling sent—
Is akin to the sharp thrusts of love betrayed.
Disillusionment.

But to the beckoning sigh of still water
The inviting warmth of a sea-born breath—
Contrast the cold of the loved one—lost!
Death.

D. D.

POURRI VERSE

DAVIS

IN THANKS

*I sometimes wonder why
This life should be
So very kind in all
Her gift to me—
A crimson book, a wind
Of palest blue,
Geraniums in a window-box—
And you.*

JANE COKER



A dainty foot,
A lovely torso,
Can make a friendly feeling
Grow more so.

—J. S.



tors

John Small
Virginia Ijams
Elizabeth Binswanger
Cassandra Jones



WHY?

Why cannot love be
As a breathless glimpse
Of the Evening Star,
Bringing peace
And tranquillity?

D. D.



IF

If you'll give me lots of kisses,
I'll gladly wash and wipe the dishes.

If you'll give me great big hugs,
I'll scrub the floors and beat the rugs.

If you will say you love my pies,
I'll starch your shirts and press your ties.

If you will sometimes comb my curls,
I'll never ask for jade or pearls.

O. C. L.

POTOMAC

Moonbeams,
Canoe,
Twilight,
You.

Faint music serenading,
Shooting star fading.

Trembling hands,
Tender kiss,
Silence —
Bliss.

Sacred words,
"I love you,"
Now proving
Untrue.

O, the loss, the pain,
Never You again . . .

All gone . . .
But Memory
And Life
Go on . . .

—Olga C. Lofgren



WEEP NOT

Weep not
That he died.
Rather,
That he lied.
Weep not
That his deeds
Of good
Were few and far between.
That he was young
'Tis true
But we are not his judges,
I and you.

KATHRYN WALKER



STRIKE HOME

(Mr. Kipling, excuse it puh-lease!)

When that last exam has been feinted
And your toothpaste is twisted and dried
When your final dollar is lacking
And your meanest debtors have died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need
it — lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the God of weary students shall put
us to work anew.

And those that were wise shall be happy:
they shall sit in a golden Cord;
They shall flash by in ten grand clothing
that none of us can afford.
They shall find real saints to serve them:
Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
We shall work for an age without
money and never be tired at all!

And only professors shall praise us, we've
only ourselves to blame;
They taught us to work without money
and not for the sake of fame,
But each for the joy of the summer, and
each in his separate star,
Shall act his Life as he sees it for the
God of Studes as they are!

Elizabeth Binswanger



A PICTURE

Man made the frame—
A square thing made of wood.
God made the picture—
It's simple but it's good.
Green pines so strong and fine,
They almost reach the sky;
I want to be that straight—and near
To heaven when I die.

Virginia Ijams



SHARP EDGES

(With apologies to Edgar A. Guest)

My Pop cuts his toenails with a knife.
Just pares 'em off to lay on the floor
And I've often heard Mom after a day of strife
With all of us kids, to let out a roar
As she steps on the parin's in her bare feet,
After she's been the rounds and tucked us in,
And any of us can tell you she ain't discreet
When she lays it on Pop for his horrible sin!
When Mom cuts hers she goes easy and nice,
With her foot placed up on a convenient chair.
From the big toe down, off each comes a slice
'Cept the little one where the toenail is spare!
She says toenails is like kids—let 'em go awhile
They get sharp and ugly and need trimmin' aroun'.
Well, she has aplenty practice to do it in style
For when Pop trims his up — she trims him down!

Elizabeth Binswanger

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

His best friend lay mangled and twisted on the sidewalk. No more would this inanimate thing be with him at all times—no more would it share his most intimate secrets.

His thoughts flew back over the years they had spent together. He recalled the telephone numbers, dates, and banknotes that they both had known. Truly, this friendship rivaled that of Damon and Pythias. His most valuable worldly possessions were frequently entrusted to this thing that now lay useless on the sidewalk—but after all, he reflected morosely, no wallet can last more than ten years.

♦ ♦ ♦

"It's all your fault I flunked that quiz. You remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was?"

"Sure, I remember."

"Well, a helluva lot isn't the answer."

—Shine.

♦

"Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?"

"Bring your wife around and I'll see."

—Drexerd.

♦

"I've just taken a shine to your wife," said the stork to the negro, when leaving the house.

—Log.

♦



Gardner Brooks

"WATCH YOUR STEP THERE, SADIE"

Coed Alpha: "I heard that you stopped at the University of Maryland on your way to Washington."

Coed Beta: "Yes; the paws that refreshes."

Keen: "Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?"

Deck: "No, but I've been slapped."

An elderly woman was escorting two little girls around the Zoo. While they were looking at the stork, she told them the legend of the ungainly bird—how it was instrumental in bringing them to their mamas.

The children looked at each other with sly glances, and presently one whispered to the other.

"Don't you think we ought to tell the dear old thing the truth?"

"Why is she popular with the boys?"

"I guess it's because she knows how to hold her tongue."

—Punch Bowl.

♦

"To blazes with all this red tape," sighed the coed as her shoulder straps fell off.

—Punch Bowl.



JAMES DECKER

"PEANUT BUTTER!"

CAVALCADE

The dark clouds of nightfall were gathering fast and the hubbub and turmoil of city life grew louder. The great throng of humans as they came from work rushing hither and thither depicted the true spirit of a great metropolis. I dreaded facing this onrushing tide, but tonight there was no choice. Slowly I made my way towards my destination. In the distance came the low rumbling sounds that I had anticipated. As I came closer there was a quickening in the pace of those around me and I was swept along down musty steps into a suffocating atmosphere. The infernal roaring came closer and my temples pulsed more vibrantly. There was no time to hesitate . . . tonight I must carry out my plans. Slowly I reached into my pocket and felt the reassuring touch of a cold metallic object. A cold sweat broke out upon my forehead. There was not a moment to lose and with one last desperate surge forward, I drew the dime from my pocket, deposited it in the turnstile and rushed to make the waiting train.

♣ ♣ ♣

Curious Old Lady: "Why, you've lost your leg, haven't you?"

Cripple: "Well, damned if I haven't." —Kitty-Kat.

♣ ♣ ♣

"Women take to good-hearted men," says a writer. Also from, say we.

♣ ♣ ♣

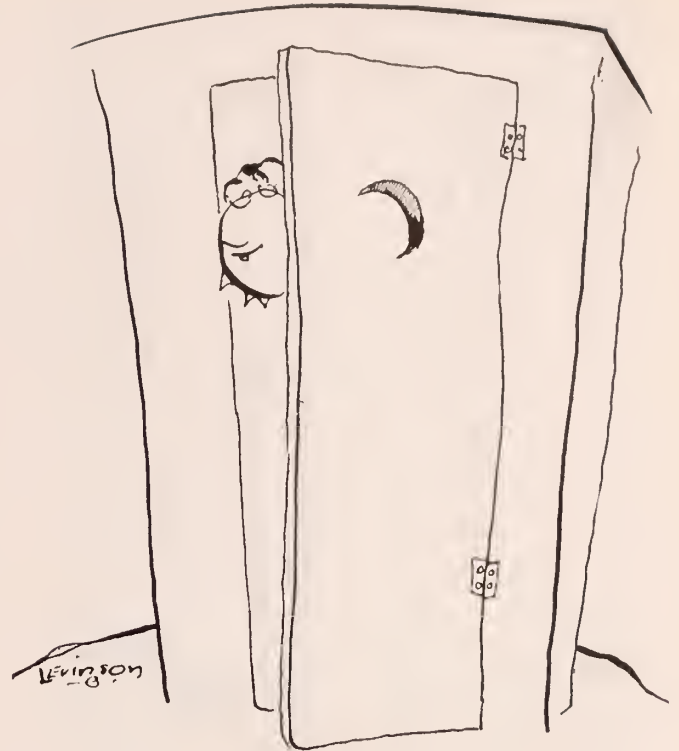
"Do you always try to see both sides of a question?"

"Always," said Needham. "I think it best to ascertain which side will make the best story."

Father (at 1 A. M.): "Is that young man asleep, Marie?"

Daughter: "Hush, Father! He has just asked me to marry him and make him the happiest man in the world."

Father: "Just as I thought. Wake him up."



Leonard Levinson

"Don't You Folks Ever Read?"

Prof: "Now can anybody tell me where we find mangoes?"

Wise Frosh: "Yes, wherever woman goes."

♣ ♣ ♣

Roommate: "You will soon forget her and be happy again."

Jilted Senior: "Oh, no. I shan't! I've bought too much for her on the installment plan."



Wife of Absent-minded Prof.: "But, John, you went fishing!"

Clark Heironimus



Clark Heironimus

"Isn't Otto's Voice Wonderful?"

Gushing Coed: "It was wonderful of you to drop ten thousand feet in a parachute. Do tell me your sensation."

Aviator: "Oh—er—it was just a kind of sinking feeling."

Zirckel: "A good deal depends on the formation of early habits."

Physioc: "I know it; when I was a baby my mother hired a woman to wheel me about and I have been pushed for money ever since."

"I shall miss you while you are on your hunting trip, dear," said Mrs. Faber, "and I shall pray that the hunters you are going with will do the same."

Toombs: "Colosimo expects 100 per cent disability on his accident insurance policy. He says he is completely incapacitated by the injury to his thumb."

Veneman: "What's his vocation?"

Toombs: "He's a professional hitchhiker."

Twenty.

THE SPECIALIST

He: "Do you love me?"

She: "I love everybody."

He: "Let God do that . . . we should specialize."

—Widow.

On mules we find two legs behind
And two we find before.
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for.

—Juggler

Heminghaw: "Give me a sentence with cigarette."

Joe: "Cigarette life if you don't weaken."

He was seated in the parlor
And he said unto the light,
Either you or I, old fellow,
Will be turned down tonight.

—Georgia Technique

"My grandfather lived to be nearly ninety and never used glasses."

"Well, lots of people prefer to drink from a bottle."

—V. M. I. "Over the Hill."

Co-Edish: "I'd love to go on a house party with you."

Snake: "That's the way to get there."

First Coed: "Physioc seems to have the air of a Man About Town."

Second Coed: "Maybe so, but he's got the bank account of a Man About Down."

Judge: "It seems to me that I have seen you before."

Goodyear: "You have, your Honor, I gave your daughter singing lessons."

Judge: "Thirty days."



James Decker

"I am not looking for a collar button"

SEEIN' IS—

Voice from next room: "A pair of queens!"

Fair and warmer (in unison): "Oh, I do believe they are peeking through the keyhole."

—V. M. I. "Over the Hill.

♦ ♦ ♦

IN ORAL READING

"Lives of great men all remind us,
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn."

♦ ♦ ♦

Coed: "Life is so futile!"

Dumb Dora: "My dear, feudalism went out years ago."

♦ ♦ ♦

Men's suits, we are told, are to "burst
out in pastel, plaids, stripes and checks."

What we are worrying about is a suit
that may burst out in plain flesh color.

♦ ♦ ♦

2/C: "You took that little blonde from the notions de-
partment home last night, didn't you?"

1/C: "I'll say I did, and I kissed her good night, too."

2/C: "What did she say?"

1/C: "Will that be all?"

—Log.

♦ ♦ ♦

Joe: "Wonder why my girl closes her eyes when I kiss
her?"

Blow: "Look in the mirror."

—Shine.



"D - - that Spot Pledging!"

Hollins: "What has kept you so late?"

Needham: "I was fixing a new ribbon on my typewriter."

♦

"How does Caroline kiss?"

"Have you ever tried to play a tuba?"

♦ ♦ ♦

"Another combination shot," said the
coed as she leaned too far over the bil-
liard table.

♦

Prof. Creese: "Did your father help
you with the problem?"

Elec. Eng. Student: "No, I got it
wrong myself."

♦ ♦ ♦

"Did any of your ancestors come over
in the Mayflower?"

"Er—no—but I understand one of
them ran for the boat and just missed it."



Whoops

"Sister, do you think that hen is running as fast as it can?"

Gold Old Days

By MARK WELSH



Leonard
Levinson

"I suppose you will miss your boy while he is at college?"

"Yep," replied Farmer Jones. "I dunno what I'll do without him. He got the live stock so they won't move unless he gives 'em the college yell, an' I can't remember it."

♦

Coed (in vestibule): "Johnny, you're the light of my life."

Father (at head of stairs): "Put that darn light out and come to bed."

It is said that a dentist's epitaph in a Connecticut cemetery reads:

"When on this tomb you gaze with gravity,
Cheer up! I'm filling my last cavity."

♦ ♦ ♦

Mat: "Why the erepe on the wash stand?"

Pat: "Crepe? That's no erepe, that's my towel."

"As president of this school board," orated Uncle Eb, "I am now going to give out the di-plomas to the graduating class. First though, I want to compliment the two boys that spoke fer the class. It was fine eloetution. Well, I suppose Adam said to his sons, 'Boys, you're livin' in wonderful times—but they ain't like the Good Old Days'. And, I presume the boys registered loud, hearty and unanimous disapproval of the sentiment. Young folks is apt to consider a lot of things necessities that us old folks still regard as luxuries. Fer instance, I ain't so sure the radio gives any better entertainment than a party line telephone, or half as much real information. And I ain't settled in my own mind that lookin' at the natural funny pictures in the fambly album, like we old folks did, wasn't more fun than you young 'uns have goin' to made-up movie comedies. Then doctorin' has changed too. In my time, when a doector graduated, he grew a beard, and hung out his shingle as a specialist of the skin and its contents. Now when a body is ailin', a elinie full of specialists probe his purse, chart him out by longitude and latitude, and navigate up and down is alimentary eanal with an x-ray light, measure his blood stream at high and low tide, an' take soundin's of his memory fer hidden repressions. Trouble is, a feller feels so plumb naked inside and out when they get done, most folks are embarrassed and lose the fun of comparin' aches and pains. I 'spose its the penalty of progress."

"Don't think I'm a mite agin progress though. We used to teach only the 3 R's, now we give you young 'uns free choice of a lot of mental fodder."

from Page 7

GYPSY

"She's going to be a much better psychologist than I," he told us.

His Clare giggled. "He's out of his mind. I must look a fright. Do let me explain myself."

"I'm doing a master's thesis on mental telepathy at Hopkins and I came over to visit Bob for the week-end. I've been working now and then with gypsy fortune tellers in Baltimore, and I decided to try it today in Washington. Of

course, I don't do any crystal gazing, but they did let me dress up and masquerade about the shops as atmosphere. I had a note to this woman I worked with today from her sister in Baltimore, whose shop I have visited."

I was recovering slowly, and trying to keep Willa from blurting out about my various hallucinations.

"There's not much to their game, many times," Miss Latimer continued, "but

sometimes there are queer cases of telepathy and my thesis needs little color."

Seeing that I couldn't keep Willa quiet any longer, I broke down and told the tale myself, and on the strength of their great amusement, Willa and I invited Dr. Latimer and his Clare to the house for dinner on Sunday.

P. S. I just poured wave-set down Willa's back for singing in her awful voice something about white iris to the tune of the Kashmiri Song.

BOOKS

(From Page 14)

Lockhart. It is a rather intimate story of the personal adventures of the author in Moscow before and during the early stages of the Revolution. It explains a lot which is puzzling many an American observer.

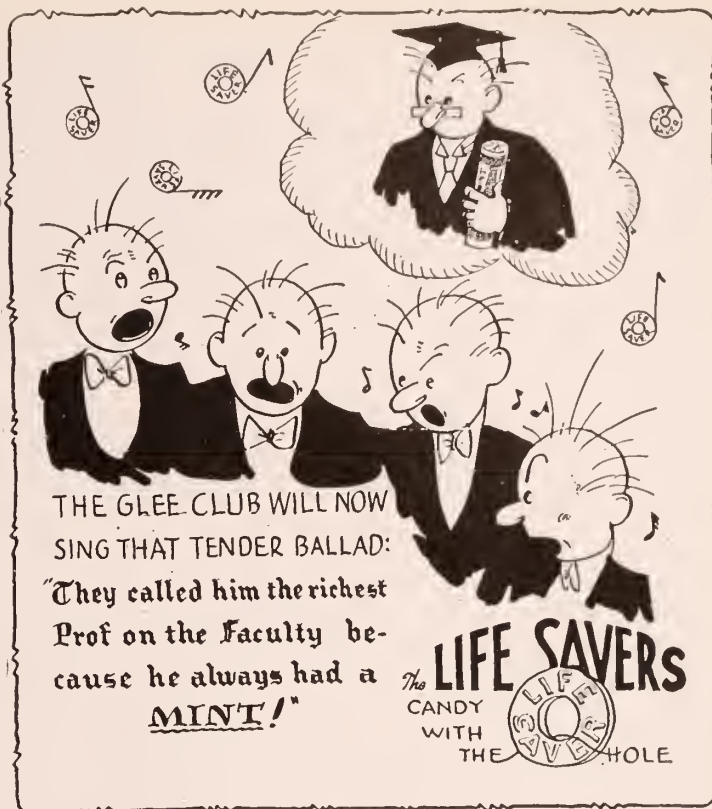
To date the best mystery of the twelve-month is probably *The Conjure Man Dies*, by Fisher, but one is announced for June 8 which should get attention. It is *Shoes That Had Walked Twice*, by Jean Toussaint-Samat, a Frenchman who has written some deep ones.

Novels about women seem to be holding popular interest pretty well. Sinclair Lewis's *Ann Vickers*, though four months old, is still a best seller and is closely followed by Vicki Baum's *Helene*.

It has been announced that Hugh Walpole will issue a book of short stories called *All Souls' Night*, which will include at least two ghost stories.

If you can still stand Christopher Morley you may be interested to know that an omnibus volume of his productions, containing four novels, plays, essays, verse, and a new short story is to be published early in June under the name of *Fifth Avenue Bus*.

GEORGE W. FOGG.



"Really, Bill, your argument with your wife last night was most amusing."

"Wasn't it, though . . . and when she threw the axe, I thought I'd split."

—Texas Ranger.

"Mary, did I hear you kiss someone in the kitchen?"

"Well, ma'am, the junk man said he came for a little oven . . ."

—Black and Blue Jay.

A GERMAN'S IDEAS OF AMERICA

Wyizder.

Somenimor.

Orsisasis.

Denderizorsis?

At last the pun comes into its own as the true depression joke . . . the lowest form of wit.



Drawn for the Old Line by Dick Topper '23

"I'm laying for that guy," said the hen as the farmer crossed the barnyard

Professor: "Are you cheating on this exam?"

Student: "No, sir. I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper."

How about a little kiss, girlie?

No, I have scruples.

'Sall right. I've been vaccinated.

EPITAPH

Here lies my wife,

Here let her lie,

Now she's at rest;

And so am I.

First Mountaineer: "See Jake's wife had another daughter."

Second Moonshiner: "Yep, that makes five now. Reckon Jake'll have to get a double-barrel if he wants to get 'em all married."

DEAR AUNTY EDWARDS:

Should a turkey be killed on a wedding anniversary?

Ans.: Why kill the turkey? He didn't have anything to do with it.

DEAR MAM:

I'm in love and have half a mind to get married.

Ans.: You'd better not. Reno's full of people who used only half their minds in getting married.

DEAR AUNTY:

Why do red-headed women always marry meek men?

Ans.: They don't. The men just get that way.

DEAR MAM:

My love nest has been broken up by an argument. Please decide the issue, where do fleas go in the winter?

Ans.: Search me!

DEAR SIR:

My beau proposed to me in a letter. He's only known me a week. Can he really love me?

Ans.: If he's only known you for that long, perhaps he does.

♦ ♦ ♦

Prof.: "Heminghaw, how far were you from the answer to the second question?"

Heminghaw: "Oh, about five seats."

—Punch Bowl.

♦

There was a young Swede from Rome,
Went walking one day all alone.
When no one would chase her or try to
embrace her,
She said, "Ay tank I go home."

♦ ♦ ♦

Betty Co-ed: "The dimmer the porch light the greater the scandal power."

♦

Alice: "Do you know what the tooth-paste said to the tooth-brush?"
Dottie: "No. What?"
Alice: "Squeeze me and I'll meet you outside."

♦ ♦ ♦

Junior—I owe all I have to one woman.

Sophomore—Your mother?

Junior—No, my landlady.

♦

"Goodness, George. This is not our baby. This is the wrong carriage."

"Shut up. This is a better carriage."

—Wampus.

AUNTY EDWARDS'
LOVE-LORN-COLUYM
ADVICE TRIED AND PROVEN

DEAR AUNTY:

Am I engaged to Jack? I have promised to marry him as soon as he has made his fortune.

Ans.: That isn't an engagement. That's on option.

DEAR MAM:

Are you in favor of women taking part in public affairs?

Ans.: Yes, if you really want the affairs public.

DEAR AUNTY:

Why do they ask high wages for a man with no experience?

Ans.: Because it is so much harder work when you don't know anything about it.

DEAR AUNTY EDWARDS:

How can I find a boy friend?

Ans.: Is that a question or an invitation?

DEAR EDITOR:

I am writing you this week because Heironimus, really a nice little boy but dumb, is trying to find some way to fill this space and finish the page. So far, so good.

A couple jokes ought help, too, and get rid of the last of the bunch.

Doc: Correct this sentence: "The boy was very bright and wanted to become Editor of the Old Line.

Editor: "It's contradictory. He couldn't have been very bright."

Not very funny, but true.

K. A.: "You say Dyer plays the piano like Paderewski?"

Sigma Nu: "Yes. He uses both hands."

Yours,

Hi

DEAR AUNTY:

Do many people get that way, writing letters to themselves, etc.?

Cens.: No; only publications' people at four o'clock in the morning.

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BURNING OVEN

STEAKS COOK
BUT THE MAN LIVES..



ILLUSION:

A roaring fire was built in an oven...the temperature rose to 600° F. Into the oven walked the "fire" king, M. Chabert, carrying several raw steaks. A few minutes later the doors were flung wide and out he stepped...safe and sound...with the steaks thoroughly cooked.

EXPLANATION:

Heat rises. When Chabert entered the oven he hung the steaks *above* the fire, then dropped to the floor at the *side*, covering his head with a hood made from his shirt. He breathed through small air holes in the floor.

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IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

"The Burning Oven" is an old illusion which has played a leading rôle in cigarette advertising. Its modern name is "Heat Treatment."

EXPLANATION: All cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette was manufactured under the heat-treating process. Every one of the billions of Camels pro-

duced since has received the necessary heat treatment.

Harsh, raw tobaccos require intensive processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally *mild*, call for only a moderate application of heat.

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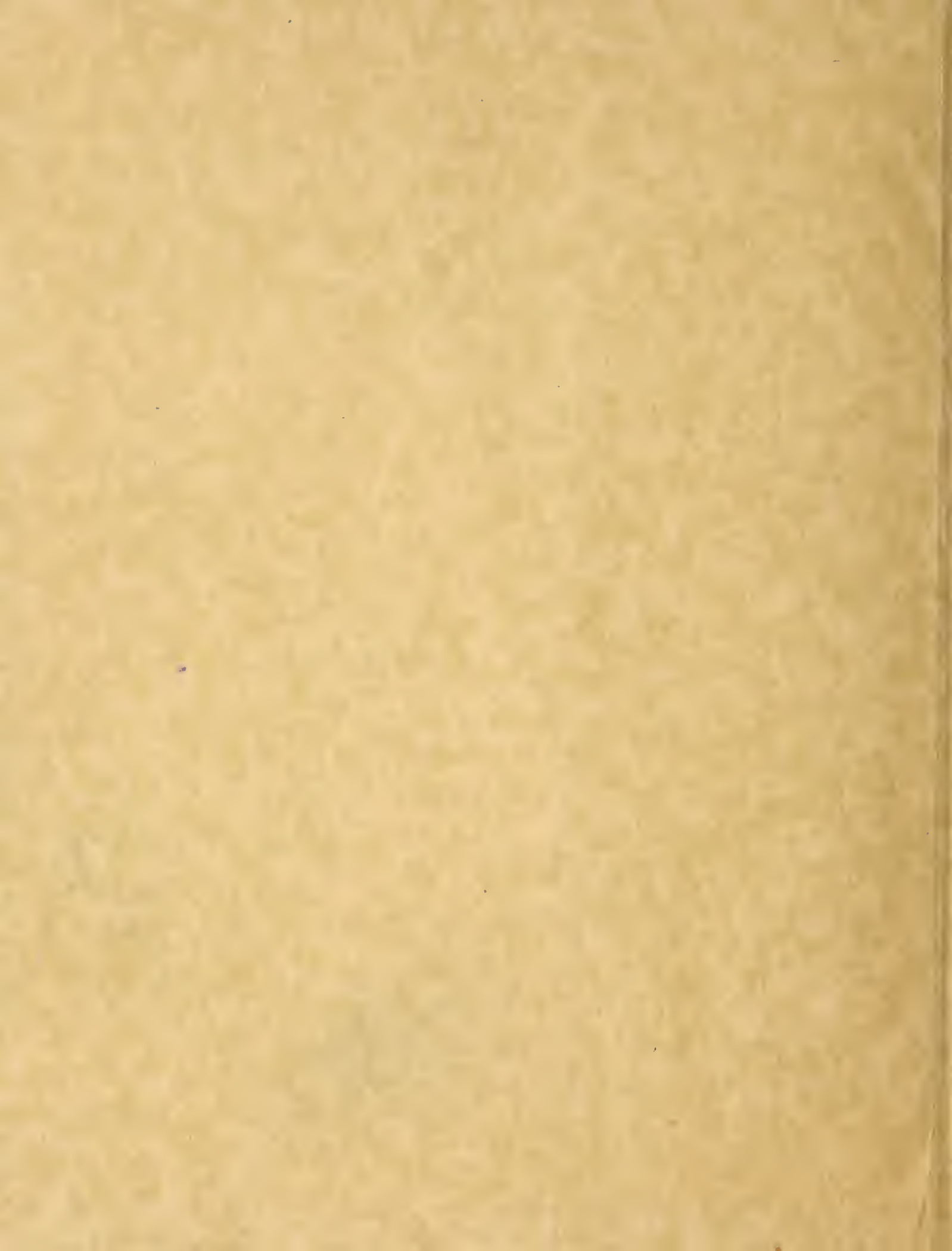
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IN THE WELDED
HUMIDOR PACK



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JUST COSTLIER
TOBACCOS**

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

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